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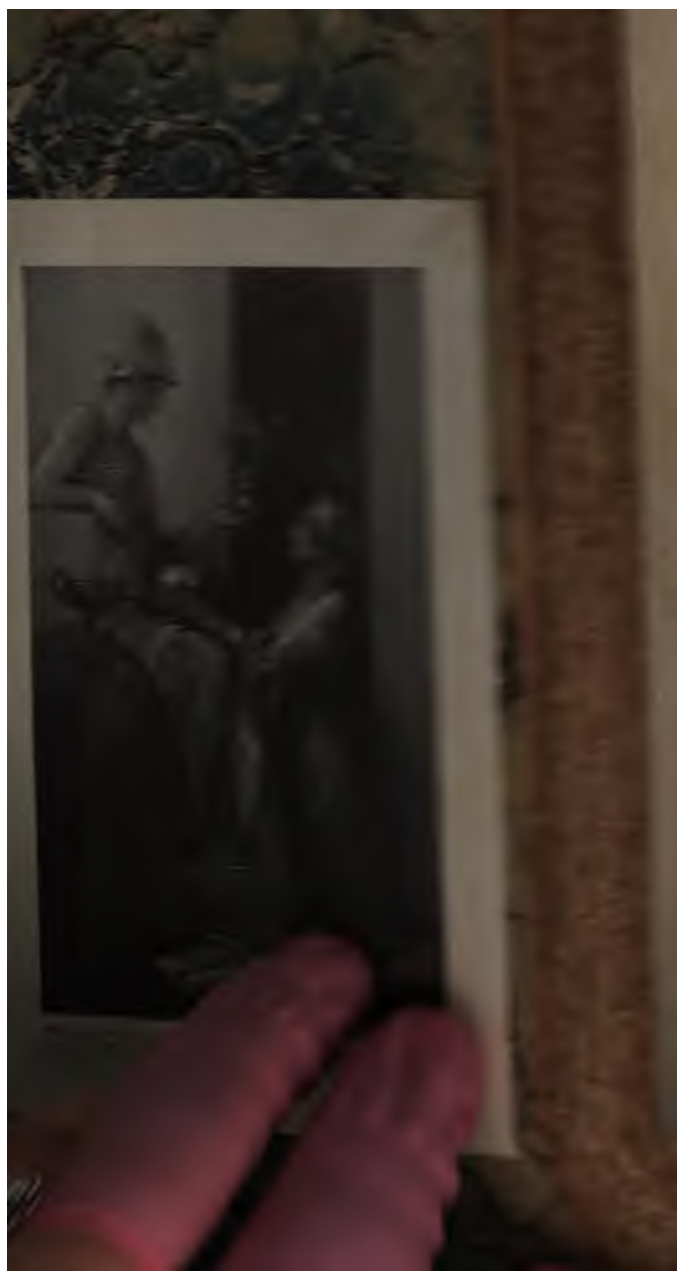
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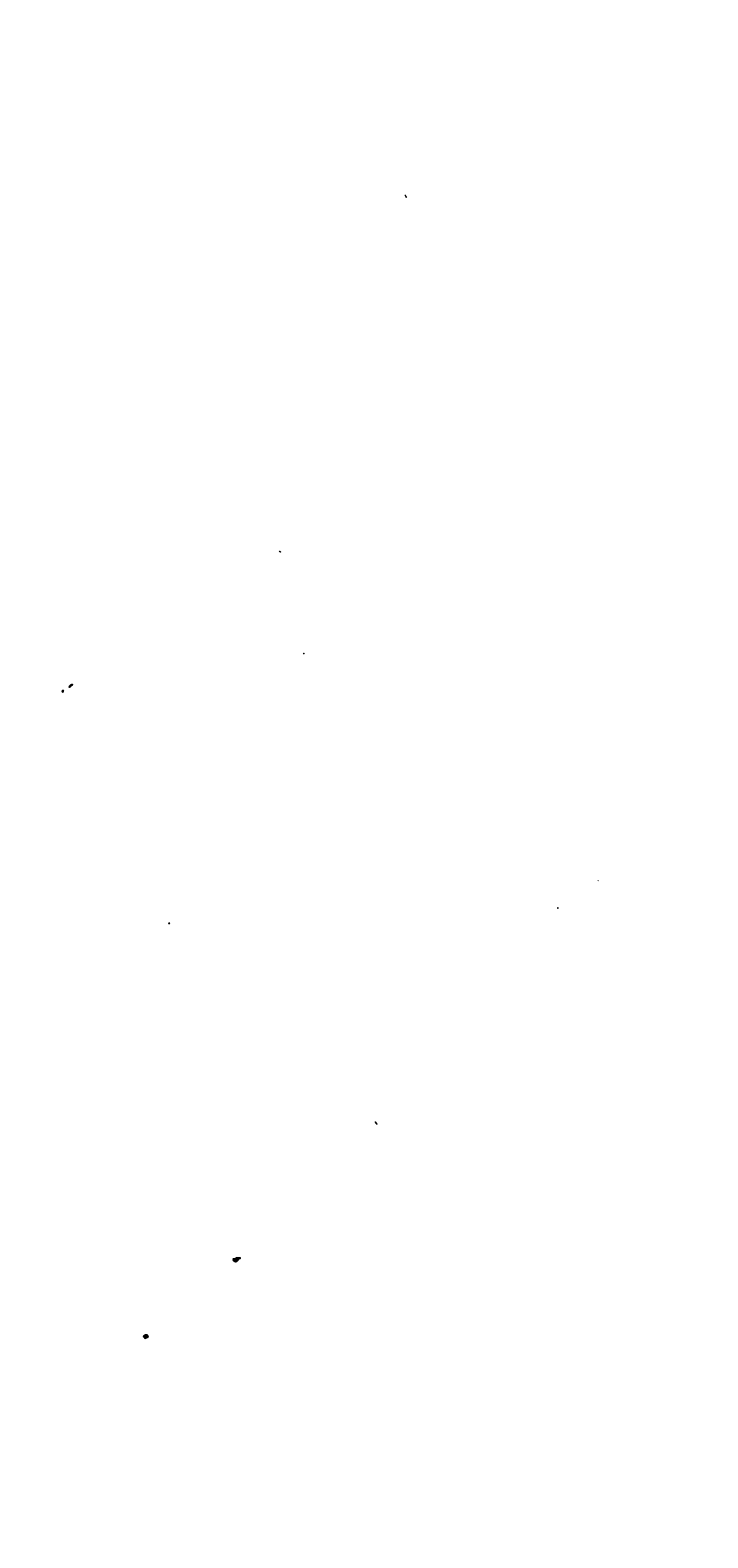
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S^r Martin Browne, Folkes, Bar.









THE SIEGE
OF
ROCHELLE;
OR
THE CHRISTIAN HEROINE.

BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

TRANSLATED
By R. C. DALLAS, Esq.

VOL. III.

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THE SIEGE
OF
ROCHELLE.

“ ‘ MINE is no common rashness! I am
“ a thousand times more mad, a thousand
“ times more culpable, than I appear
“ to be. There was but one way in
“ which I could approach you, in which
“ I could see you, without being re-
“ pulsed; in which I could follow you,
“ without being banished; that, there-
“ fore, I have been under the necessity
“ of adopting. But how was it possible
“ that my stratagem could deceive you?

“ Can any other woman be noticed
“ when you are near? Is it possible,
“ that you have not observed what has
“ been passing in my heart? Did not
“ the knot of ribbons, which I tied upon
“ upon my arm, come from you? Did
“ I not see your hands make it up, and
“ give it? . . . Yes, I repeat, it shall ne-
“ ver be torn from me, but with life;
“ I will carry it with me to battle: it is
“ no pledge of love, but I call it *a con-*
“ *quest*, and it is to me the earnest of
“ every other.

“ “ I know to what this bold step ex-
“ poses me. How could I but know the
“ height of my offending? I am proud
“ of it. If you are not the sole object
“ of impassioned love throughout the
“ court, it is because no one here dares
“ to raise a wish, or a thought, towards
“ you: but, to a great soul, no glory is
“ too high.—I despise the base and gro-

“veling heart, that dares not aspire to
“win yours. As for me, I will brave all
“to obtain it; and the danger of sacri-
“ficing life to you is, in my eyes, but
“another charm, which would, alone,
“confirm my perseverance and fidelity.
“Anger and cruelty from you, I could
“support; but that cold indifference
“which resembles disdain, never.—
“What do I say? disdain!—impossible.
“A passion like mine cannot be known
“and thought no more of: your silence
“would be, to me, only a delicate ap-
“probation; a tacit consent.—Should
“you reject the noble passion which
“inflames me, you cannot but be in-
“censed at my audacity, and you must
“punish it. Consider it well, madam.
“If, to-morrow, I do not find myself a
“banished man, I shall give myself up,
“with rapture, to the dearest hopes:
“in not determining to crush them by

“ a signal vengeance, you authorise them
“ all.’

“ This strange letter agitated me ex-
“ tremely. I ought to have known, that
“ this was not the language of love : but
“ it was the language of a lofty and spi-
“ rited mind ; and my deluded heart
“ saw in it, likewise, all the bewitching
“ marks of a noble passion. I was in
“ love, before I could suspect that I was
“ loved, and, in discovering the secret,
“ I forgave all. That proud heart, that
“ criminal artifice, which, in deceiving
“ Ulrica, endangered the happiness of
“ her life, never entered my thoughts. . . .
“ I could do nothing but repeat to my-
“ self, *it is me he loves!* . . . I read again,
“ with terror, this extraordinary expres-
“ sion : ‘ *If, to-morrow, I do not find*
“ *myself a banished man, I shall give*
“ *myself up, with rapture, to the dear-*
“ *est hopes.*’ From want of experience

“ I was extremely perplexed by this
“ alternative. I was certainly not in-
“ clined to complain to the elector of
“ this rash step ; yet I was not willing
“ to authorise, by my silence and pas-
“ siveness, the most audacious hopes.
“ After much agitation and reflexion,
“ I came to a resolution, which ap-
“ peared to me so prudent, that I was
“ a little easier. I went, next morning,
“ to my father, and informed him of
“ the boldness with which Rosenberg
“ had introduced himself into the gar-
“ den, to get a sight of Ulrica for a
“ moment ; adding, that as the prince
“ de Lobeck was to return in a fort-
“ night, it was time to put an end to
“ such doings ; and that it was neces-
“ sary to send the count away, and not
“ to recall him till after the marriage of
“ Ulrica. The elector approved the
“ idea, and, just as he expressed his

“ approbation, the cabinet door opened,
“ and Rosenberg walked in. I was ex-
“ tremely confused, and was rising to
“ go away ; but the elector detained me,
“ desiring that I would stay and hear
“ what he was going to say to the
“ count. The latter advanced with his
“ usual ease and assurance ; for nothing
“ in the world intimidates or embar-
“ rasses him ; he says, and does the
“ most extravagantly mad things, with
“ a tone of authority, and an air of
“ simplicity and ease, which are en-
“ tirely his own. This way of his,
“ which cannot be described, gives him
“ a certain ascendancy, against which
“ it is difficult to guard one’s self ;
“ he does not lead you, he com-
“ mands, and you yield. His greatest
“ extravagancies appear so only upon
“ reflexion, and when we recollect them
“ after they are past ; for, at the time,

“ they have a kind of commanding ori-
“ ginality, and one is almost tempted
“ to admire them. ‘ Rosenberg,’ said
“ the elector to him, ‘ I have a com-
“ mission for you to the court of Vienna;
“ you shall set out to-morrow.’—At
“ these words, Rosenberg reflected for a
“ moment; then said, ‘ Is it a banish-
“ ment, sir?’—‘ How!’ replied the elec-
“ tor, smiling; ‘ are you afraid of a ba-
“ nishment?’—‘ A banishment,’ replied
“ the count, ‘ may be of such a nature,
“ that the honour it would confer upon
“ me, would be enough for me not to
“ suffer the cause of it to remain con-
“ cealed, or be disguised; in which case,
“ I should loudly proclaim it.’—These
“ words made me shudder; and I hastily
“ interrupted the count, by saying: ‘ But
“ there is here no question of banish-
“ ment!’—‘ Madam,’ replied the count,
“ ‘ that assurance, from your mouth, dis-

“ pels all my fears, and accomplishes all
“ my wishes.’ I was confounded, and
“ shocked at my imprudence ; and, not
“ thinking it possible to recover it, I took
“ no part in the remainder of the con-
“ versation, in which Rosenberg made
“ himself extremely agreeable ; and, on
“ finding that the elector intended him
“ a favour, he asked a delay of six days,
“ to prepare himself, and obtained it,
“ on condition that he conducted him-
“ self prudently. /

“ Thus I gained nothing by this step,
“ but the vexatious certainty, that Ro-
“ senberg was convinced that he was
“ beloved. I, no doubt, loved him pas-
“ sionately ; but this last conversation
“ alarmed me on his character and
“ my own situation, the whole danger
“ of which I was sensible of ; for I per-
“ ceived that I must ruin myself or
“ Rosenberg in my father’s opinion.

“ I still had reason enough left to wish
“ for advice, and to regret bitterly the
“ loss of Madame de Merthal, that en-
“ lightened and sensible friend, who,
“ alone, might have been able to guide
“ and to save me. I trembled, to think
“ of the mad intrepidity, and audacious
“ ease, of Rosenberg : love I could have
“ resisted ; but I was lost through fear.

“ The elector had just given me the
“ estate of Niémen, which is now yours,
“ my dear Olympia, and is not above
“ three miles from this place. In order
“ to avoid Rosenberg till his departure,
“ I begged my father to let me go and
“ spend a week there ; and, as I carried
“ Ulrica with me, this short absence
“ seemed contrived to shelter her from
“ the count’s pursuit : my father ap-
“ proved it. I saw Rosenberg no more
“ that day ; nor did he appear at court.
“ At night I set out for Niémen, after

“supper, taking no ladies with me,
“but the baroness and Ulrica : nor
“had I any greater retinue than an old
“equerry, named Blomer, who had been
“attached to me from my infancy, a
“chaplain, my women, and a few men-
“servants. A woman, who had taken
“care of me while I was a child, slept
“in my apartment ; for the baroness,
“having dropped the title of governess,
“had given up her bed in my room,
“the year before.

“The first day was employed in
“inspecting my new property. The
“next morning, early, as soon as I was
“up, I went into a balcony that looked
“towards the high-road. The window,
“though on the first story, stood very
“high. In the road, opposite my bal-
“cony, I saw a beggar, with a long
“white beard : on perceiving me, he
“came towards the window, showing

“ me a paper, which he immediately put
“ under a large stone ; then looking up
“ he slipped the beard aside, and I re-
“ cognized Rosenberg!...

“ To women in general, there is a
“ peculiar charm in these romantic dis-
“ guises, which flatters their vanity ;
“ and to her who loves, those impru-
“ dencies, which may bring ruin upon
“ her, appear but as proofs of an ardent
“ passion. My first emotion, on dis-
“ covering Rosenberg, was one of joy.
“ A fatal charm riveted me to the bal-
“ cony : I exclaimed, ‘ Good Heaven!’
“ and stood motionless. My tears be-
“ gan to flow, he saw them, and falling
“ on his knee, put one hand to his
“ heart, and raised the other to Heaven,
“ which he seemed to invoke as a wit-
“ ness to an inviolable oath : he then
“ abruptly started up, and hastened out
“ of sight. That he had hid the paper

“ under the stone before me, with the
“ view of my going for it, was easily un-
“ derstood. Conceiving it impossible to
“ leave it there without extreme danger,
“ I determined, alas! too readily, to
“ go and take it. I called my women,
“ and telling them that I had dropped
“ a ring over the window, I went down
“ with them. While they were search-
“ ing, I turned my back to them, and
“ and went to the stone which I raised,
“ and having secured the paper, ex-
“ claimed, that I had found my ring.
“ I immediately flew to my closet, and
“ read the following letter:

“ ‘ What command must I have had
“ over myself, not to fall at your feet,
“ when I heard from your mouth these
“ words: *there is no question of banish-*
“ *ment!*—You had deigned to receive
“ my letter, consequently those en-
“ chanting words, spoken by you, left

“ me nothing to wish: they have irre-
“ vocably decided my fate. Fearing
“ that I shall not be able to restrain my
“ transports of joy, and that every thing
“ I say and do, will betray it, I shall
“ appear no more at court, and shall
“ hasten my departure. My absence
“ will be much longer than you can
“ imagine; for I am going in quest of
“ glory, as that alone can justify the
“ audacity I have evinced, and warrant
“ your goodness and my happiness. I
“ am bold enough to beseech you,
“ Madam, to grant me a short conver-
“ sation before I go. At ten to-night,
“ I shall be at the small gate of your
“ private garden, which opens on the
“ public road. In that little enclosure,
“ separated from the grounds, and an-
“ nexed to your own rooms, you may,
“ unobserved and unsuspected, walk
“ alone, which you have frequently

“ done before the estate was granted to
/ “ you. I solicit no more than half an hour’s
“ audience. The elevation of your soul
“ is a complete pledge to you that you
“ have not to apprehend, in this inter-
“ view, the language of passion, which
“ my respect for you must forbid, when
“ so noble and so winning a confidence
“ shall deprive me of the right of speak-
“ ing to you of my love. All I wish is
“ to make you acquainted with my
“ plans and my hopes, and to place my
“ fate in your hands. I need not say,
“ that I will be at the garden gate long
“ before the clock strikes ten.’

“ On reading this letter I was petri-
“ fied with astonishment, and frightened
“ beyond measure at seeing to what a
“ length his rashness and my impru-
“ dence had carried me. I was com-
“ pletely bewildered.... A subject of my
“ father’s to propose to me an assigna-

“ tion by night, and without seeming
“ to doubt my consent! Yet, if I re-
“ fused, what had I not to fear from
“ such a spirit! The delicate and
“ respectful style of his letter pleased
“ me, and excited my esteem. I was
“ sure that he would not even dare to
“ speak to me of his passion; what then
“ were the plans he had to tell me of?
“ was it not important that I should
“ know them? a refusal would expose
“ me to a thousand persecutions, and
“ perhaps to the most shocking scenes.
“ He asked for only *half an hour's au-*
“ *dience!* He was going away, and for
“ a long time! Such were my reflex-
“ ions, the result of which was, that I
“ felt myself absolutely compelled to
“ receive him! I was, however, fully
“ resolved to make him listen to rea-
“ son, and to deprive him of all hope.
“ I did nothing the whole day but study

“ what I should say to him. I com-
“ posed such rational, convincing, and
“ spirited speeches, as I doubted not
“ would produce a proper effect: thus
“ attempting to blind myself to the
“ folly of an inexcusable conduct. As
“ the time drew near, however, the
“ dangerous illusion vanished: my con-
“ science accused me, and I became
“ more and more agitated....I trembled;
“ I could not remain a moment in the
“ same place: I neither saw nor heard
“ any thing that was passing about me.
“ I feigned myself ill, and every body
“ withdrew before nine o’clock. When
“ alone, I felt as if all nature had
“ forsaken me. I would have given
“ the world for some friend’s advice in
“ this embarrassment”—‘ O! my
“ God!’ cried Clara, with genuine sim-
plicity, and interrupting the princess,
“ that you had but had such a director

“ as father Arsene! he would have forbidden your going; and you would have known, even beforehand, that nothing in the world should have tempted you to take such a step.” While she spoke, Clara’s eyes were full of tears, for this weakness in the princess, wrung her heart. Her own mind, at once so strong and so pure, could not reconcile it with the idea she had formed of her. “ Alas! my dear Olympia,” replied Euphemia, “ I had religious principles, but I was far from having that great, that perfect piety, so rare at your age, and consequently mine, at that time. Happy they, who, like you, have always taken religion for their guide! Listen to me, and you will learn what it costs to depart from the strict prudence which it prescribes, and particularly to our sex.

“ To continue my story then ; I had
“ sent my attendants to bed, and or-
“ dered the woman who slept in my
“ room, to lay down in her clothes, as
“ I meant to sit up, which I often did,
“ and that I would call her to undress
“ me when I wanted her. She did as
“ I bade her, and was very soon fast
“ asleep. In half an hour more the
“ clock struck ten ! I shuddered, and
“ made a firm resolution not to take a
“ step so unworthy of my rank and cha-
“ racter. After reflecting a moment
“ I summoned all my courage. I was
“ in a closet adjoining the chamber
“ where my maid was sleeping ; this
“ chamber, and the closet where I was,
“ were the only rooms in my apartments
“ which looked to the road. I opened
“ my window gently, and though the
“ moon was under a cloud, I perceived
“ the count at the garden gate. He

“ immediately came under my balcony.
“ Not daring to speak, for fear of being
“ heard by my maid, I endeavoured to
“ make him understand, by signs, that
“ I would not go down, and that I or-
“ dered him to be gone. I continued
“ making these gestures for some time,
“ whilst he kept his eyes fixed upon me,
“ and the moon suddenly breaking from
“ under a cloud, I saw him distinctly.
“ I then repeated my signs, and when
“ I stopped, he said, in a low voice: *I*
“ *understand you; it may be done;*
“ and pretending to apprehend that I
“ proposed his climbing up to the bal-
“ cony, he began attempting to scale
“ the wall. I was so frightened at this,
“ that, not knowing what I did, I threw
“ him the key of the garden. Hearing
“ it fall on the ground, he ran and took
“ it up, and I went back into the closet
“ in a state not to be described. All

“ hesitation was now at an end I
“ was obliged, after giving him that fa-
“ tal key, to fly and meet him, for
“ what would be the consequence if I
“ did not!—He would not fail to en-
“ deavour to break into the house, at
“ the risk of waking my people.....the
“ thought determined me not to delay a
“ moment.... My agitation was extreme;
“ but, resentment and anger predomi-
“ nating over all the other feelings of my
“ heart, I was fully resolved to speak to
“ him, only for an instant, and to dis-
“ miss him in the most imperious man-
“ ner. However, I had scarcely put
“ my foot into the garden, where I
“ knew he already was, when some of
“ my boldness forsook me. The fear of
“ exasperating him, suddenly entered
“ my heart, and encreased the dreadful
“ agitation of my mind....I advanced
“ with a tottering step, and found the

“ count at the bottom of a walk of lime-
“ trees. The moment he perceived me,
“ he ran to meet me, and threw himself
“ at my feet. I sank down upon a
“ bench, unable to support myself longer.
“ I found it impossible to restrain my
“ tears or to utter a single syllable. The
“ count remained a few moments on his
“ knee, at a little distance from me;
“ and his attitude, full of respect and gra-
“ titude, softened me.... After a consi-
“ derable silence he rose, and standing
“ before me, addressed me in a mild,
“ but firm and tranquil tone: ‘Madam,’
“ said he, ‘I promised not to speak to
“ to you of *my* feelings;....but it is of
“ the utmost importance to me, to
“ know yours....The state in which I see
“ you grieves and alarms me. Moments
“ are precious to us; deign to express
“ yourself candidly. I own, that before
“ I dared to write to you, I believed

“ that your heart, without suspecting
“ what passed in mine, shared its secret
“ feelings ; your conduct since, cannot
“ but have strengthened this proud hope.
“ Still, it is possible that I may have de-
“ ceived myself, and that you may have
“ been guided by a fear my character
“ excites. I told you that I would not
“ bear disdain ; but your delicacy, and
“ the conduct you have deigned to
“ adopt, are sufficiently honourable to
“ me to call forth all my gratitude, and
“ to satisfy my self-love, however high
“ that may be. Speak without reserve :
“ if I am not loved, this interview is
“ but a secret, entrusted by your esteem
“ to my honour : a sacred secret, that
“ shall be inviolably kept to my last
“ breath. I will instantly leave you,
“ nor ever more appear at your father’s
“ court ; and far from your having to
“ fear from me the danger of becoming

“ the subject of public clamour, or of
“ being exposed to embarrassing ex-
“ planations, be assured, that you will
“ find in me only respect, discretion,
“ and profound silence. I shall leave
“ you with unspeakable pain, but with-
“ out delay, and for ever.”

“ He paused, for my reply. The
“ delicacy of this language, and the
“ greatness of soul it evinced, forced
“ my admiration. The enthusiasm I
“ felt at that moment, completely be-
“ trayed my heart; and a full confes-
“ sion of my feelings escaped from my
“ lips.—‘ And you love me?’ exclaimed
“ the count. ‘ It is but too true!’ re-
“ plied I; ‘ and I would not have you
“ leave me *for ever*. Yet, part we
“ must; for reason should triumph over
“ an unfortunate passion.’—‘ Yes,’ said
“ the count; ‘ I will go, the day after
“ to-morrow; I will go and seek glory

“ in war: but I am loved! . . . You have
“ now fixed your fate, and mine. You
“ love me! Glorious avowal! which has
“ given me every right to you. . . . I will
“ not go till I have received your faith at
“ the altar! . . .’—‘ What! Great God! . . .
“ A secret, but indissoluble tie, unites us,
“ to-morrow!’—‘ Dare you think of it,
“ Rosenberg?’—‘ My esteem for you will
“ not let me doubt it!’—‘ Shall I deceive
“ the best of fathers!’—‘ The happiness
“ of his life will be secured by it; you will
“ never leave him.’—‘ A clandestine mar-
“ riage! null in the sight of the law!’—
“ ‘ Sanctioned by religion, it will render
“ our love lawful. . . .’—‘ I should de-
“ ceive my father; your sovereign, and
“ mine.’—‘ We shall both be blameable,
“ I own. . . . But reflect; you have now
“ only the alternative between a great
“ fault, which will not sully your cha-
“ racter, and the loss of reputation and

“ honour ; for such is the consequence
“ of the declaration of mutual love, un-
“ sanctioned by religion. Certain of
“ being loved, I cannot renounce my
“ hopes : your husband, or your lover,
“ I must be. . . . I must not, cannot sub-
“ mit to the rigour you would impose ;
“ and, if you persist, I shall be driven
“ to despair, and betray myself by my
“ imprudence ; but honoured in the
“ sight of God with the title of your
“ husband, my gratitude and honour
“ will be pledges to you of my pru-
“ dence, discretion, and submission.’
“ At these words I shed a torrent of
“ tears. Rosenberg seemed to take my
“ silence for consent ; he thanked me
“ with all the expressions, and even,
“ for the first time, with all the ardour
“ of passion. He did not delude me,
“ nor did I deceive myself, on a fault
“ like this ; but he subdued me ; and

“ I gave my promise.—‘ I shall now
“ leave you,’ said he ; ‘ but shall be here
“ again to-morrow, at midnight, with a
“ chaplain and a witness for whom I can
“ answer ; he is my valet-de-chambre,
“ who has been attached to me from my
“ infancy. Another witness is necessary ;
“ let it be your equerry, Blomer, whose
“ affection for you will insure our se-
“ cret : give him no previous intima-
“ tion, but merely bring him with you
“ here, at twelve o’clock ; I shall be
“ ready to receive you, and will gain
“ him in two minutes ; have the keys
“ of the chapel, and let only one lamp
“ be lighted in it. Farewell ! Tarnish
“ not, by vain fears, the splendour of
“ the most glorious day in my life.
“ Farewell, till to-morrow !’ At these
“ words he hastened away, taking with
“ him the key of the garden.

“ I will not describe to you the dread-

“ful state of my mind, when I found
“myself alone, and left to my con-
“science. You could not conceive my
“weakness ; but you easily will my re-
“morse.

“The next night I retired, and every
“body went to bed as soon as on the
“night before ; but I privately ordered
“Blomer to come to me at a quarter be-
“fore twelve, adding, that I had some-
“thing very particular to tell him. He
“stared at me, and was struck with my
“paleness, and the appearance of my
“countenance ; but did not presume to
“ask any questions.

“At ten o'clock, taking a dark lan-
“tern, I went through the garden to
“the chapel, which stands in the
“grounds entirely by itself. I trem-
“bled all over as I entered that sacred
“place, which I seemed to profane :
“I fell on my knees before the altar,

“ crying: ‘ O, my God! I come not to
“ beg a blessing on this guilty union;
“ for though Religion will consecrate it,
“ she denounces, at the same time, ter-
“ rible punishments to rebellious chil-
“ dren. I know but too well, that hap-
“ piness is not to be expected in a mar-
“ riage contracted without the consent
“ of a father . . . but oh! may the
“ whole chastisement fall on my head!’
“ Having said this, I rose in tears,
“ lighted the lamp, and returned to
“ my room. A little before the clock
“ struck twelve, Blomer entered my
“ closet: I was buried in deep and
“ painful thought, and the sight of him
“ made me start. I rose with a be-
“ wildered air; and, leaning on his
“ arm: ‘ Come,’ said I; ‘ ’tis done! . . .
“ Come with me . . .!’—‘ Great God!
“ madam,’ cried Blomer, ‘ what is
“ the matter? what has happened?’—
“ ‘ You shall know all presently,’

“replied I; ‘ask me no more.’ He
“obeyed, and, in silence accompanied
“me. In the garden we found the
“count, with the chaplain and his
“valet-de-chambre. The count im-
“mediately came up, took Blomer by
“the arm, and carried him aside: he
“spoke to him very low and quick;
“and, as he afterwards told me, half-
“intimidated and half-gained him, by
“threats and promises. Still holding
“him by the arm, he came back to
“me, and, taking my hand, led us both
“on, the chaplain and the other wit-
“ness following us. . . . Thus was cele-
“brated the unhappy marriage that was
“to cost me so many tears!

“On the third day Rosenberg took
“leave of me, and set out . . . and on
“that very day I was recalled to court
“by my father, whom I had not seen
“since my marriage. . . . O! what be-

“ came of me when I felt myself pressed
“ to his bosom ! when I still saw on his
“ venerable and beloved face, the same
“ serenity, the same expression of ten-
“ derness ! His look, in which con-
“ fidence and sweet security were pro-
“ minent, his fond look, dismayed me.
“ I would gladly have sunk into the
“ earth. . . . Alas ! where can we escape
“ the stings of conscience ? There is no
“ asylum, no refuge, for the wretch pur-
“ sued by remorse. . . . I was incon-
“ solable during Rosenberg’s absence.
“ The cruel prudence from which he
“ has never deviated had decreed that
“ I was not to write to him ; nor did I
“ receive a single letter from him : how-
“ ever, I heard regularly of him through
“ my brother, to whom he often wrote ;
“ not that I dared to make any inquiries ;
“ but he was mentioned in conversa-
“ tion : and besides, Blomer, who care-

“ fully sought every information re-
“ specting him, constantly brought me
“ accounts. Ulrica discontinued talk-
“ ing of him to me, and was married to
“ the prince de Lobeck. In about six
“ weeks I learned that, being intimately
“ connected with the duke of Neubourg,
“ he had engaged in that prince’s cause,
“ and was going to serve in Germany,
“ under the command of prince Wil-
“ liam of Nassau, and mareschal de la
“ Châtre. This campaign, in which
“ Rosenberg acquired great glory, ter-
“ minated happily for the duke of Neu-
“ bourg and the marquis of Brande-
“ bourg; but did not put an end to
“ that long war for the succession of
“ Cleves*.

“ In addition to the pangs caused by
“ the dangers to which Rosenberg was

* It lasted twenty years.

“ exposed, a new source of misery presented itself, and bereaved me of all courage ; I found that I was to be a mother. . . . I was sensible that madame de Merthal, the most faithful of friends, was the only person who could guide me in this dreadful situation : she would never have consented to become the accomplice of my misconduct, or rather, her prudent advice would have preserved me from it ; but I was very certain, that she would do every thing to save me. I wrote, and urged her return ; but her affairs kept her still longer in Switzerland. Meanwhile, peace being restored in Germany, Blomer begged me publicly for leave of absence for some months, to go and visit his own country, and I sent him secretly to the count de Rosenberg, whom he informed of my situation. At length,

“ six months after my marriage, ma-
“ dame de Merthal returned. . . . The
“ thought of sinking in her eyes was
“ dreadful ; but I related to her, with-
“ out reserve, my deplorable history :
“ She wept with me, and laid out a
“ a plan for me to follow. A little
“ after this, Rosenberg appeared again
“ at court. I never saw him in public ;
“ for, under pretence of ill health, I lived
“ without parade, and in a very retired
“ manner, at Niemen. Rosenberg being,
“ notwithstanding his youth, commis-
“ sioned to negotiate certain political
“ interests, had long audiences of the
“ elector. The result of those confer-
“ ences was, that my father deter-
“ mined to take a journey to Vienna
“ and to Brandebourg, and to be absent
“ some months. This determination
“ was greatly owing to the count ; not
“ that he employed dexterous and de-

“licate means ; that is not his way :
“he is not insinuating ; he carries all
“forcibly, by an eloquence apparently
“cool, but powerful and persuasive.
“His energy does not lie in his expres-
“sion, but entirely in his great ardour,
“in his prodigious activity, and in his
“reasoning. The strength of his un-
“derstanding charmed the elector, and
“gave rise to that unbounded favour
“which he has since enjoyed.

“My father’s departure relieved me
“from my embarrassment. His ab-
“sence, and the ill state of my health,
“accounted to the world for the pro-
“found retirement in which I lived.
“Thanks to the precautions taken by
“Rosenberg, and to madame de Mer-
“thal’s care, my secret was impene-
“trable. I gave birth to a child, which
“Rosenberg received ; he immediately
“carried it away, and it lived but a few

“ hours : it was a boy. O ! my dear
“ Olympia, that child, had it lived,
“ would now have been of your age ;
“ had he been like me, he would have
“ resembled you ; I might have united
“ you. Rosenberg would easily have
“ found the means, without betraying
“ our secret, of introducing him at
“ court, under an assumed name, and
“ in a manner worthy of his birth.
“ But I was destined to know only
“ the anxieties of matrimony ; to feel
“ only the throbs of a mother.”

Here the princess shed some tears, remained silent a minute, and then resumed her narrative.

“ I fondly loved Rosenberg, and discovered, but too late, that the only
“ passions of his heart were ambition
“ and the love of glory. His attachment to me was of that kind with
“ which great minds are inspired by a

“ deep sense of gratitude : but it was
“ not love ! A stranger to that sen-
“ sibility which might have rendered
“ me happy, he thought that in making
“ his name illustrious, and in carefully
“ concealing my secret, he did all that
“ was requisite. He talked to me about
“ his projects of fortune and greatness.
“ He laid down a plan which I was to
“ follow, in order to serve him with my
“ father, without having the appearance
“ of being interested for him, or of pa-
“ tronizing him. And when I expressed
“ my own feelings, he answered me with
“ a kind of gentleness that looked only
“ like respect and deference. I ven-
“ tured to complain ; but he was so
“ surprised and so harsh upon the
“ occasion, that I resolved to say no
“ more on that head. At my father’s
“ return, I had new troubles to endure.
“ He placed Rosenberg about his per-

“son, and soon after gave him an im-
“portant office, to which none but men-
“of a mature age and versed in busi-
“ness had ever been appointed.

“Ulrica, now princess of Lobeck, re-
“turned to court after a year’s absence.
“Rosenberg, on seeing her again, pub-
“licly affected an emotion which made
“every body think that he still was in
“love with her. Some imprudences of
“Ulrica’s gave an idea that the passion
“was mutual; and it was soon gene-
“rally current, that the count was the
“princess de Lobeck’s lover. Rosen-
“berg could not be charged with in-
“fatuation, but his cold manners being
“extremely softened towards Ulrica,
“and the too real state of her heart,
“left no doubt on the subject. It was
“much about this time, that I asked
“for a place for a man whom I pa-
“tronized, and did not obtain it, be-

“ cause Rosenberg chose that it should
“ be given to another. I did not see
“ through the artifice of this proceed-
“ ing, and was so hurt at it, that I
“ spoke warmly on the subject to the
“ elector. This was what the count
“ wished, in order to establish an opi-
“ nion of a misunderstanding between
“ us. He raised a rumour that he was
“ entirely out of favour with me, and
“ never afterwards spoke to me in pub-
“ lic, but in the affected tone of cold
“ respect. This conduct excited in me
“ a degree of indignation which I could
“ not conceal, and which so completely
“ confirmed the opinion of my being
“ his enemy, that many thought to pay
“ court to me by speaking ill of him.
“ They spoke openly before me of his
“ love for the princess de Lobeck, and
“ often told invented stories which stung
“ me to the heart. I took an aversion

“ to Ulrica, and treated her with ex-
“ treme coldness, which was but ano-
“ ther proof to every body of my ha-
“ tred of Rosenberg, on whose account,
“ it was said, that I kept at a distance
“ all who were attached to him. I had
“ an explanation with him, and ven-
“ tured to show some jealousy ; but
“ he answered me with an appeal to
“ his rigid principles, that silenced me
“ though it did not remove my fears,
“ at least not entirely. ‘ I hate and
“ despise,’ said he, ‘ that kind of con-
“ nexion : those who know me will be
“ convinced that the reports you speak
“ of are only calumnies. I may be sus-
“ pected of an unhappy passion, but
“ that’s all.’—‘ And is that nothing ?’
“ ‘ I think so, for it is a thought which
“ you can never admit.’—‘ Alas ! why
“ not ?’—‘ Because, if I had loved her,
“ I should have preferred her hand to

“that of a queen.’—‘But you could’
“not obtain her.’—‘A man can do’
“what he pleases; I would have car-
“ried her off.’—‘You would have made’
“her and yourself unhappy.’—‘They’
“are not to be pitied who are loved.’—
“‘O! certainly not!....You, therefore’
“are happy—but as for me Rosen-
“berg?’—‘—‘What would you more’
“than fidelity, discretion, and the no-
“ble ambition of justifying your choice?’
“—‘A little less prudence: your’s is so’
“cruel!’—‘It is necessary with you.’
“Were it not for the conduct which’
“displeases you, you would have ruined’
“us both long ago.’—‘There might be’
“some little room for this distrust; but’
“how much more for my complaint!

“One morning Rosenberg apprized’
“me that two kings, wishing for an al-
“liance with the elector, had demanded’
“my hand; and that my father left me

“ the choice of either, but expected me
“ to accept one of them. The count
“ added, that I must repeat what I had
“ said before I knew him, that I would
“ not leave my father. The intelligence
“ made me tremble....I must either ruin
“ Rosenberg, or employ, with the best
“ of fathers, a falsehood, the very idea
“ of which made me shudder. I ex-
“ pressed this feeling to the count, who
“ coldly replied: ‘ It will pass very well.
“ You will speak with much emotion,
“ and naturally weep: the elector, who
“ adores you, will yield to his tender-
“ ness, and prefer the happiness of
“ keeping you with him, to the vanity
“ of seeing you on a throne.’

“ In the evening the elector sent for
“ me to his cabinet; and being deter-
“ mined to dispose of my hand, spoke
“ to me in a tone of authority he had
“ never used to me before. Every word

“ he spoke made me tremble. I thought
“ it would be impossible for me to ef-
“ fect a change in a resolution so firm
“ and absolute. When he had done
“ speaking he urged me to reply ; but
“ I had not power to open my lips.
“ However, in a few minutes, I told
“ him, in a broken voice, that I could
“ only repeat to him what I had
“ formerly said, that I should be
“ wretched to leave him, and that I had
“ an invincible aversion to marriage.
“ ‘ You were then but a child,’ replied
“ my father, ‘ and I did not offer you a
“ a king for your husband.’—‘ My fate
“ is in your hands,’ said I, ‘ but if you
“ send me from you, I shall die with
“ grief.’ At these words, I perceived
“ that my father was moved and uneasy,
“ which gave me new hope and courage,
“ and I seized the moment to throw
“ myself at his feet, beseeching him not

“ to banish me, but to allow me to con-
“ secrate my whole life to him. He
“ raised me, and folding me in his arms,
“ exclaimed with transport, ‘ O model
“ of filial piety !—my dear Euphemia,
“ cannot resist your tears and tender-
“ ness. In parting with you, I thought
“ I should sacrifice only myself. Rest
“ easy in future, you shall remain with
“ me till my last breath: yes, my
“ daughter, it is you who shall close the
“ eyes of the happy father, whose every
“ blessing you deserve.’

“ This speech stung me to the heart;
“ it relieved me, indeed, from an oppres-
“ sive load, but pierced me with re-
“ morse. I hung down my head to hide
“ my blushes and confusion, in the bo-
“ som of my father.

“ From that day, all his kindness
“ and caresses became sources of grief
“ to me. My conscience continually

“ reproached me with his favours, his
“ mistaken gratitude, and the ground-
“ less praises incessantly bestowed on
“ my filial piety, and on the sacrifices
“ believed to be made to him. O! how
“ much easier should I find it to bear
“ injustice and calumny, than this op-
“ pressive weight of unmerited praise!
“than this obligation to feign and to
“ deceive, with an elevated spirit that
“ scorns falsehood and imposture!.... I
“ spent several years in this state, per-
“ petually dissatisfied with myself, and
“ with Rosenberg. I endeavoured, in
“ vain, to love him less. I could no
“ longer be blind to his faults; but he
“ possessed such eminent qualities, that
“ he unceasingly bound me to him by
“ admiration. He continually made use
“ of my influence over my father, in all
“ that he could not venture to ask him-
“ self for his friends. In this manner-

“ places were given to his dependants,
“ without his appearing to have asked for
“ them. However, he has always made
“ a worthy use of his interest and the
“ favour he enjoys. He restored har-
“ mony in the electoral family; took
“ advantage of his friendship with the
“ hereditary prince, to effect a reconci-
“ liation with his wife, and used his in-
“ fluence with my father, to make him
“ overlook some of my brother's youth-
“ ful follies. In short, he has evinced
“ in various affairs, in which he has
“ been employed, equal integrity and
“ ability, and has justly acquired a title
“ to public esteem.

“ An unexpected event showed me
“ how inexhaustible were the resources
“ of Rosenberg's mind, in extricating
“ him from the most embarrassing si-
“ tuations. The prince of Lobeck died,
“ and every body thought he would
“ marry his widow; perhaps Ulrica

“ herself thought so. The elector, as
“ he had no doubt of it, mentioned it
“ to Rosenberg, who assured him that
“ he had never been her lover; but that
“ its having been said, was quite enough
“ to prevent his having any thought of
“ marrying her, for he would never give
“ his faith and name to a woman who
“ did not enjoy an immaculate reputa-
“ tion, even though he was himself sure
“ of her being perfectly innocent. This
“ was to sacrifice justice and feeling to
“ opinion; yet, as this excess of pride
“ was but too inherent in his character,
“ the elector saw in the evasion, no-
“ thing more than a delicacy which did
“ not astonish him.

“ It was at this time that the protest-
“ ants of Bohemia took up arms against
“ the emperor Matthias, who had cur-
“ tailed their privileges.* My father was

* This is called the thirty years' war.

“ obliged to take a part in this long war,
“ and he resolved to go out in person.
“ Rosenberg went with him, and at part-
“ ing said to me: ‘ I swear by my honour,
“ which is a thousand times dearer to
“ me than life, that in battle, I will
“ never for an instant leave the elector,
“ and that whoever approaches him
“ shall make his way through me.

“ Conceive my situation during this
“ campaign! Alarmed at once for my
“ father, and my husband! But oh!
“ how greatly was I repaid for those
“ dreadful fears! My father, in the last
“ battle of that long campaign, had a
“ horse killed under him: Rosenberg
“ immediately gave him his own, and
“ was afterwards severely wounded in
“ rescuing the elector from the hands
“ of the enemy, and in parrying the
“ blows aimed at him. The elector was
“ indebted to him both for his life and

“ the victory.....These particulars I
“ learned by a courier, sent to me by
“ my father. That memorable day was
“ one of the happiest of my life. It
“ seemed to me that Rosenberg had, on
“ that day, expiated our fault....My fa—
“ ther returned, and presenting Rosen—
“ berg, whose arm was in a sling, said =
“ “ My daughter, embrace my deli—
“ verer !” On this the count bowed pro—
“ foundly, and kissed my hand. I bent
“ my head upon his shoulder, and with
“ my tears bathed the wounded arm
“ which had saved my father’s life.

“ The fatigues of the campaign
“ proved extremely injurious to my fa—
“ ther’s health. After languishing for
“ some months he fell dangerously ill.
“ The count immediately proposed to
“ send to Vienna for a very celebrated
“ physician, to which the elector would
“ not consent. Rosenberg, however,

“alarmed at the symptoms of the disorder, set off himself without delay to bring the doctor.

“Meanwhile, my father growing worse every day, was, in a short time reduced to the last extremity: but he retained his senses, and desired to receive the sacraments. I remained in his chamber night and day, in an agony which no words can describe. I saw my father, still deceived, sinking into his grave: it was constantly in my mind, that, when I lost him, I should for ever continue loaded with an irreparable fault, as I should no longer be able to hope for pardon at some future day. I could not, however, disclose my secret without the concurrence of my husband; and besides, in revealing it I might have embittered, and perhaps hastened my father's last moments. I

“ had then no alternative but to keep it;
“ and, oh ! what became of me, when
“ my father, after receiving the sacra-
“ ments, called me with my brother to
“ give us his blessing ! We knelt at his
“ bedside ; he blessed us, and then
“ turning to me : ‘ And do you, my
“ dear Euphemia,’ said he, ‘ comfort
“ yourself by reflecting on the happi-
“ ness you have spread over my life, on
“ the noble sacrifices you have made,
“ and on that endearing confidence of
“ which you have given me so many
“ proofs. O my God !’ continued he, join-
“ ing his hands, ‘ bless this dear child,
“ whom filial piety has preserved from
“ all the dangerous passions ! This child,
“ whose heart has always been open to
“ me, and who has lived hitherto only for
“ me !’

“ During this terrible blessing, I
“ every moment expected that my guilty

“ head would be struck by lightning.
“ As my father spoke, I thought I
“ heard God cursing and rejecting me.
“ Horror-struck, and overpowered, I
“ fell senseless into the arms of my
“ brother.

“ In the evening of the same day, my
“ father several times asked if Rosen-
“ was returned. I could not without
“ shuddering hear that name in his
“ mouth, and he repeated it frequently.
“ In the night he grew light-headed:
“ once he called me suddenly to him,
“ and asked me if I would consent to
“ marry Rosenberg, adding: *It would*
“ *make me happy* . . . I shuddered and
“ burst into tears. He was in a deli-
“ rium, but I was convinced, that, for
“ some months before, the idea had been
“ in his mind; nor was I wrong.

“ The day following he fell into a
“ kind of lethargy, and at ten o'clock

“ at night, his physician feeling his
“ pulse, announced his death. I gave a
“ scream, and was torn from his cham-
“ ber.

“ I know not what became of me—in
“ a few hours I found myself on my bed,
“ in my own room, supported by my
“ brother, and madame de Merthal.
“ When my brother left me with my
“ friend, I gave myself up without re-
“ straint to my despair: nature and
“ remorse overcoming love, I endea-
“ voured to appease the voice of con-
“ science, by resolving to shut myself
“ up for ever in a cloister, and renounc-
“ ing Rosenberg irrevocably.... It was in
“ vain that madame de Merthal assured
“ me that I could not take such a hasty
“ step, without my husband’s consent.
“ ‘ Ah!’ replied I, ‘ he will consent to
“ it; I am not at all necessary to his
“ happiness!’—‘ You are unjust,’ said

“ madame de Merthal; ‘ the count
“ does not possess, in the more delicate
“ concerns of life, your sensibility, but
“ his noble heart is not the less suscep-
“ tible of a great attachment: be sa-
“ tisfied with his sentiments, for he
“ loves you with all the energy of his
“ character, and all the greatness of his
“ soul.’—‘ Alas!’ cried I, melting into
“ tears, ‘ I should in future think only
“ of mourning for my fault, and for the
“ best of fathers.’ And indeed I should
“ have persisted in this resolution if
“ Heaven, touched with my grief and
“ my repentance, had not wrought a
“ miracle, which for ever riveted the
“ sacred tie that united me to Rosen-
“ berg.

“ I did not see my brother on the
“ following day, but, totally absorbed by
“ my grief, I did not ask the reason of
“ it. I kept my bed, and towards

“ night, nature being exhausted, I
“ slept some hours. I awoke at three
“ in the morning, and heard an extra-
“ ordinary noise in the palace: I dis-
“ tinguished cries, and I did not doubt
“ that it was my father’s funeral. I threw
“ myself out upon the floor, which I
“ deluged with my tears: my women
“ ran in and put me again into bed. At
“ that moment madame de Merthal
“ wildly entered my room. ‘ I am
“ sent,’ said she, ‘ to prepare you for
“ the most miraculous event!’—‘ Oh
“ God! oh God!’ cried I, ‘ what has
“ happened!’—‘ Collect yourself,’ re-
“ plied she, ‘ and thank heaven.’—
“ ‘ Speak, speak, or I die.’—‘ No, it be-
“ longs to another to tell you, that the
“ elector’— Here the door opened,
“ and I saw Rosenberg come in. His
“ very look told me my happiness. I
“ stretched out my arms to him;

“ he ran and threw himself on his knees
“ by my bed side, saying: ‘ the elector
“ was but in a trance, from which he
“ has been gently awakened by the
“ physician I brought with me, and
“ who assures me he will live.... And
“ now, Euphemia,’ continued he, in a
“ low and trembling voice, ‘ forgive me
“ the pangs of remorse which have cost
“ you so many tears; Heaven is ap-
“ peased, and will bless our future days.’
“ His tears prevented him from saying
“ more..... O! moment of exquisite
“ happiness!.... Measureless joy! the
“ delight of which imagination never
“ could have painted to me. My father,
“ whom I thought already in his coffin,
“ was restored to me, and by Rosen-
“ berg, who had raised him from the
“ grave! Yes, from the mouth of Ro-
“ senberg I heard the blessed tidings:
“ in this adored husband I found, at

“ length, a sensibility equal to my own,
“ and, for the first time, I saw him shed
“ tears !

“ My brother, who had sent Rosenberg to me with the news of this
“ great event, joined us. I was soon
“ dressed, and my husband led me to
“ the arms of my father.

“ How sweetly did this day, and the
“ eight following pass ! My father had
“ twice owed his life to Rosenberg !
“ Almost relieved of my remorse, I
“ yielded my imagination to the sweetest
“ hopes, and I was, above all, fond to
“ believe that in future my husband
“ would continue to me what he had
“ been for eight days.

“ As my father recovered, I told Rosenberg what he had said in his delirium, and added, that I was certain
“ he had, even before his illness, conceived the idea of uniting the two

“ persons most dear to him in the world.
“ ‘ I am sure of it too,’ said the count,
“ ‘ Let us then,’ cried I, ‘ concert how
“ to determine him.’—‘ That’s not neces-
“ sary,’ replied Rosenberg; ‘ he yester-
“ day offered me your hand.’—‘ Hea-
“ vens!’—‘ And with every mark of
“ respect and gratitude, I refused it.’
“ These words petrified me. ‘ Reflect,’
“ continued he, ‘ that I could not lead
“ you to the altar a second time, unless our
“ marriage were declared null. So that to
“ avoid an impious profanation, it would
“ be necessary to inform the elector
“ that I have been your husband these
“ ten years. There is not a doubt that
“ he would pardon us, but he would
“ love us less; he would not be so happy
“ and we should bring sorrow upon his
“ old age. We have long dissembled
“ for our own sakes, let us ennoble the
“ dissimulation by continuing it for his..

“ Besides, I shall never hesitate a moment to sacrifice ambition to glory.
“ My sovereign in giving me his daughter, would, by the splendour of the reward, eclipse the merit of all I have done for him; I prefer his remaining under obligations not in his power to discharge.’—In this proud language, in this cool reasoning, I but too well recognized Rosenberg in his own colours. I could not restrain my tears, but I was silent. That haughty mind could melt, could be strongly affected; but sensibility was not natural to it, at least in the ordinary course of life.

“ Rosenberg soon gave me a new and unexpected cause of uneasiness. He was, at his own request, sent ambassador to France. The services he had rendered my father had increased my attachment, and this ab-

“ sence, which lasted three years, made
“ me the more unhappy, as, according
“ to his custom, he apprized me that
“ he should not write to me. How-
“ ever, at the end of eighteen months,
“ through some caprice, the cause of
“ which I have never been able to
“ guess, he wrote to me once, during
“ a short journey which he took, I
“ know not why, into one of the pro-
“ vinces of France. This letter, sent
“ under a cover to Blomer, was as af-
“ fectionate as my heart could desire.
“ He spoke in it only of his feelings,
“ and in the tenderest style : it was the
“ first letter I had received from him
“ since our marriage, then twelve years
“ past. It consoled and supported me :
“ I read it over every post-day, for I
“ received no others ; he never wrote to
“ me more.

“ He at length returned, and a few

“ months after, I suffered the greatest af-
“ fliction in the loss of the respectable
“ friend who, from my infancy, had sup-
“ plied the place of a mother to me:
“ madame de Merthal died. My sorrow
“ was extreme, and Rosenberg did every
“ thing he could to alleviate it: indeed,
“ in every thing, after his return from
“ France, I constantly remarked in his
“ behaviour to me, much more softness,
“ attention, and tenderness. Five or six
“ years passed in this manner. I was more
“ satisfied with him, and consequently
“ happier, when a sudden change took
“ place in his temper which plunged me
“ into fresh wretchedness, more bitter
“ still than all I had before experienced.
“ Without any known cause he suddenly
“ became gloomy, absent, unsociable, and
“ thoughtful. In spite of all his self-
“ command, I saw, beyond a doubt, that
“ his heart was prey to a secret anguish.

“ When I attempted to question him
“ about it, he answered me drily and
“ harshly; denying, however, that he
“ had any secret uneasiness: but, ever
“ since that moment, he has almost en-
“ tirely discontinued seeing me in pri-
“ vate: it should seem that I had be-
“ come intolerably odious to him. At
“ last (to fly from me no doubt, and that
“ seas might flow between us) he un-
“ dertook a mission to England. It is
“ almost a year since he went to Lon-
“ don; but he is said to be coming
“ back, and is expected here in a few
“ days.

“ I am no longer beloved.—What do
“ I say? alas! I am hated. All the
“ pangs of remorse, which love had
“ lulled, are again awakened in my
“ heart with greater violence than ever,
“ since Rosenberg has treated me with
“ such ingratitude. This, my dear

“Olympia is my secret and my fate;
“you are at once my sole confidant,
“and my only consolation.” At these words Clara threw herself into the arms of the princess, who pressed her to her bosom, saying, “Oh! my Olympia! never leave me, and I will no longer bewail my lot.”

Euphemia's story greatly afflicted Clara, but her thoughts returning to herself, suggested some consoling reflections on her own situation. She saw how much more grievous it was to have to reproach one's-self with a great fault, than to be falsely accused of it: by an eternal decree of divine justice, remorse will always be a thousand times more acute than the most envenomed shafts of calumny. We can withdraw from the unjust judgments of men, by concealing ourselves in retirement; but our conscience we must carry

along with us every where: to the guilty this terrible internal voice cannot be stifled by the vain noise of the world; but in solitude, like the claps of thunder which the echoing rocks and hills reverberate and prolong with horrible din, it roars, it terrifies; the wretch whom it pursues can hear nothing else, and hears it constantly: he finds in retirement neither calm nor silence.

Euphemia, not wishing to see the count in public, made a pretext of carrying Clara to Nièmen, the estate near town which she had just given her, that she might go into the country for some time. Clara's feelings were greatly excited by a view of the place where her benefactress had been secretly united to Rosenberg. In the chapel she prayed to the Almighty, to bless at last this unfortunate union, and to dry the tears

of Euphemia, by awakening her husband to a sense of her virtues and long-sufferings. Euphemia expected the count with inexpressible uneasiness, while Clara, for the first time since her misfortunes, felt a curiosity at which she was herself astonished. She had a great desire to see this extraordinary man, whom, from her affection for Euphemia, she thought so culpable; whose character she detested, but who, in spite of herself, interested her by the loftiness of his sentiments. At the same time a secret foreboding made her dread his coming. The princess expressed her desire that she would see him, and Clara, notwithstanding her timidity, found no great difficulty in consenting.

On the third day after her arrival at Nièmen the princess was informed of Rosenberg's return, and that the elector

was coming with him, that very evening, to Nièmen. In the intervening time Euphemia and Clara were almost equally agitated.—At last, about five o'clock, the rattling of the carriages was heard in the court. Clara, looking through a Venetian blind, had a perfect view of Rosenberg; she was greatly struck with the commanding beauty of his noble figure; but when he entered the room following the elector, she kept herself hid behind the princess, so that the count did not at first perceive her. He went up to Euphemia with a countenance on which melancholy was painted, but which at the same time expressed great tenderness. Who but can read the eyes of a beloved object! Euphemia, satisfied and affected, put out her hand to the count, who, on letting it go again, pressed it warmly.

The elector, who had told Rosenberg the history of the young *Olympia*, who bore so striking a resemblance to the princess, bade Clara advance; on which Euphemia, turning round, took her by the hand and presented her to the count. "Oh heaven!" cried he, starting, and riveting his eyes upon her. This emotion was attributed to the surprise excited by so extraordinary a resemblance; but his stern and piercing look terrified Clara. She had but just been admiring the sweetness of his countenance, and now she found in his face only an intimidating severity.

However, Rosenberg, stifling his feelings, recovered himself, and the conversation became general. Some other persons came in; but, for the rest of the night, the count's melancholy and absence of mind were invincible. Clara, unable to endure his fixt and scruti-

nizing look, retired a little before supper.

Euphemia had likewise observed the unfavourable impression which the sight of Clara had made on Rosenberg, and vainly endeavoured to account for it. "If he loved me more," said she to Clara, "I should think he was jealous of my fondness of you; but, alas! what is it to him!.... I know nothing that is passing in his mind; caprices are not natural to him, and yet for two years past I have observed in him inconceivable ones."

The count's return extremely agitated the princess; her health was affected by it, and she had a fever for seven or eight days. Rest being advised for her, she kept her room during that time, lying on a couch. One morning, when Clara was with the princess, Rosenberg came in with a commission from the

elector; Clara immediately rose, left them, and went into the garden. After walking half an hour, finding herself at the extremity of the grounds, she turned to go back to the house: at that moment she heard a foot-step quickly advancing, in a little walk to her right; she thought it might be somebody sent for her by the princess, and she therefore turned into that walk; but how was she surprised to come suddenly on the count de Rosenberg! He was alone. Clara started, and was going to run away. "Stop," said the count, "I shall not detain you long; I have but a word to say to you." He spoke this with such emotion, and with such an alteration in his voice, that Clara was extremely alarmed. She stopped and leaned against a tree: on which the count went up, stood directly before her, and looking sternly at her, said, in

a menacing tone: "Who are you?"

At this unexpected and dreadful question, Clara turned pale, and her frozen tongue was unable to utter a word.

"Who are you?" repeated the count in an accent still more terrifying than before..... "What is your father's name?.... Do you know Montalban?"...

Clara made no reply; but no longer able to stand upon her trembling legs, she sunk to the ground at the foot of the tree. "Wretch!" cried Rosenberg, "what demon, foe to the peace of this unfortunate princess, has brought you here!.... Ah! why did you not perish, as it was believed, in the waters of the Rhone!.... Attend to what I am going to say. You must quit this palace;—observe, you must, or I denounce you. If you go, I promise you inviolable secrecy. Find some excuse to go to-morrow morning to the widow Mar-

cella's house, where a carriage shall be waiting to carry you to any convent, out of this country, you shall choose, and my valet de chambre shall attend you... Speak; where do you wish to go?" The count spoke rapidly, and in an arbitrary tone, which plainly showed that he required a prompt and decisive answer. Clara, collecting all her strength, said: "I wish to go to the convent of the Ursulines at Rochelle. May I, at my departure, write to the princess?" As she spoke, the tears streamed down her cheeks. "You may," replied the count, "but let her remain for ever ignorant, that it was I who compelled you to leave her. Should the slightest hint escape you I shall find it out, and will tell her your horrible name."—"I committed no crime," said Clara, with a deep groan, "I call heaven to witness...." As she said this, the count

cast a stern look at her, turned his back abruptly upon her, and walked so fast away, that she soon lost sight of him.

Surprise, terror, oppression, and grief, had so exhausted Clara's strength, that she remained above two hours on the spot, and in the attitude in which the count had left her. She was found at the foot of the tree by some women, whom the princess sent to look for her. Clara said that she had sprained her foot, which was the more readily credited, as she could not walk without help. Euphemia was greatly alarmed on seeing her return leaning on the arms of the women, and with a paleness that proved how much she had suffered. Clara, exerting herself beyond nature, removed her fears. The princess told her, that she was charmed with Rosenberg; that she had never

seen him so affectionate; and that he had particularly requested to spend the next day alone with her. This convinced Clara that the count had resolved to console the princess for so painful a separation, and the idea alleviated her own suffering. It was a dreadful day for her: never had Euphemia appeared to her so interesting, and so worthy of being loved. All the expressions of her affection pierced her to the heart, and she was several times obliged to leave her room, that she might give, in secret, a free vent to her tears. She was upon the point of fainting in her arms, when she took leave of her at night to go to bed. It was a last adieu!“Good night!” said the wretched Clara, but without moving. She repeated the words a second time, still clasping the princess in her arms. At length pressing Euphemia, and once

more saying: " Good night!" she tore herself away, ran to her chamber, dismissed her maids, and locked herself in to yield without restraint to her grief. At midnight, unable to resist her desire of seeing Euphemia once more, she formed an excuse and returned to the apartment of the princess, whom she found fast asleep. By the light of the chamber-lamp she surveyed her for some moments, and shed a torrent of tears; then, fearful of waking her, went out gently, hastening to her own room to execute a design which she had conceived in the course of the day. She determined, before she left the palace, to go and pray once more, and for the last time, in the chapel where the princess was married. She crossed the garden alone, went into the chapel, lit the lamp, and kneeling before the altar, said: " Oh! universal

father! Sovereign benefactor! Thou who cursest the ungrateful, thou who grantest the prayers of the grateful! Oh vouchsafe to hear my voice; vouchsafe to give peace and happiness to her, whose fault has been followed only by bitterness and regret! to her whose weakness has been expiated by twenty years of remorse! Enable her to confess her fault in the bosom of her father! And, Oh! grant that his pardon, and the love of her husband, may obliterate all her sorrows!"

After saying this prayer, Clara felt her heart relieved: she rose and quitted the chapel, without putting out the lamp. "Alas!" said she, "it is the only trace of gratitude I can leave here! This lamp will continue burning till the next night, and Euphemia will perhaps guess that it was lighted by me!"

The wretched Clara did not go to

bed. She had ordered her coach to be ready at day-light ; and as she took no maid with her, as she left her jewels and trinkets, and carried only a port-manteau, her women thought she meant to return next day. She set out and drove directly into town, to Marcella's house, where she found a carriage and six post horses : she immediately went into it, recommending herself to Providence!..... A man on horseback attended her through the city-gates, then rode by the carriage-door, which he never quitted ; waited upon her with great attention and respect, and paid for the horses and her expences every where. All Clara's thoughts being fixed upon her benefactress she had felt nothing but regret at leaving her, nor could any other idea enter her mind, till the hour was past when the princess on waking, was to receive the letter in which she

had bade her a most tender adieu, telling her that a sacred duty had called her back to her own country. Clara's thoughts afterwards turned upon the count de Rosenberg: she could not imagine how he came to know in her the wretched Clara. She formed a thousand different conjectures on the subject, none of which could for a moment stand the slightest reasoning. She was likewise astonished at not feeling in her heart the resentment that should naturally arise against this haughty man, who had treated her with so much harshness, and with an authority founded on no right. Yet she recollected to have detected in him some signs of emotion and feeling. This recollection gave her a pleasing sensation, for she was sensible of an incomprehensible feeling towards him, which she at last attempted to account for,

by saying, that it was impossible for her to be entirely indifferent to the husband of her benefactress; and bitter were the tears she shed in reflecting that he would never think of her but with the horror which a monster must inspire. Being directed by the count to retire to a cloister, she had preferred the Ursulines of Rochelle, in order to be near Jerson's farm, and because Honovina had often talked to her of that convent, where she had been admitted to her first communion. Clara was accordingly conveyed to Rochelle, and taken to the convent of the Ursulines. Her attendant had a short conversation in private with the superior, and having paid her in advance a year's pension, Clara, still under the name of Olympia, was immediately admitted: on this the man went up to her and putting a small box into her hands, bowed, and went away.

She was shown to handsome apartments, and informed that her pension, including lodging and board, was paid in advance for a year.

When Clara was alone she opened the casket, in which she found a thousand ducats, and a sealed note, the contents of which were as follows :

“ Remain shut up and concealed
“ for ever in a cloister, and you shall
“ receive a like sum every year : besides
“ which, your pension shall be paid.
“ This offer may be made with pro-
“ priety by a man of my age, and by
“ one who has bereaved you of a most
“ splendid lot. Forget the world, and
“ reflect on the past, that you may in
“ future think only of God.

“ Burn this note.”

Greatness of soul is perfectly consistent with christian humility. What can be nobler than that contempt of

grandeur and riches which religion inspires !

Clara, without hesitation, determined to refuse the offer, and opening her desk wrote the following answer :

“ She who left at Nièmen the diamonds she had received from one dearest to her heart, will accept from no other person favours which she can dispense with. I can live by working. You have been pleased to pay my board for one year : this advance I cannot refuse, and I accept it with respect and gratitude ; but I will have nothing more.

“ I shall remain *shut up* and *concealed*, not in obedience to commands, of which I cannot possibly acknowledge the authority, but to gratify my own taste, and to screen myself in future from the injustice of men.”

Clara folded her letter, sealed it, and directed it; then went to the superior, whom she requested to recommend her a banker, to send money and a letter into Germany. Three days after this a banker undertook the commission, and sent both the money and letter, without delay, to the count de Rosenberg.

On the very day of her arrival, Clara was overjoyed in finding at the Ursulines her young friend Honorina; who, intending to become a nun, had just taken the white veil. Clara envied her lot; for, had she had it in her power, she would not have hesitated to devote herself irrevocably to God. But not only was she prevented by her situation, as she must have declared her real name, she also remembered that she had promised father Arsene, not even to engage herself by a mental vow.

She asked Honorina a thousand questions about her family, where all was happy. They had been constantly protected by Valmore, who upon the making of the truce had gone to Paris.

Meanwhile every thing announced at Rochelle, a renewal of the war with more vigour than ever. About two months after Clara's arrival, the calvinists, no longer keeping any measures, suddenly declared the catholic worship abolished, religious vows to be no longer permitted, and that all persons cloistered might leave their monasteries and resume their liberty*. Men may enfranchise their slaves, but, the supreme head of religion excepted, no mortal shall have power to enfranchise conscience. The cloisters were thrown open, but the nuns never stirred from

* From history.

them *. They were left free to choose between *marriage* and *celibacy*, between the world and solitude. It was not doubted, but that such offers would depopulate all the monasteries in one day: for it is frequently the case, that men, in other respects of great ability, are so little acquainted with the human heart, which is so various in its sentiments, as to believe it impossible to revere sincerely what they themselves disdain, and not to love what seduces them. This error is in some sort an excuse for the political faults which it has caused.

The nuns replied, that they preferred their solitude to the world. They had been invited, in the name of *nature* and *humanity*, to return to society;

* From history. The same thing happened afterwards at Geneva, in the time of Calvin.

but on their refusal a cry of *fanaticism* was raised, and it was determined that they should be forced from their cloisters *. However, the factious did not immediately proceed to that violence. Meanwhile Clara, exceedingly alarmed at all this commotion, and fearing that she should lose her asylum, had the consolation of seeing father Arsene. He was come to shut himself up in Rochelle, to serve religion and the persecuted catholics. "Ah! father," said Clara, "what a juncture have you chosen to come to this place!"—"One of danger," replied the holy monk; "then is the time that we ought to act: if all were quiet I should return to my cell."—"Alas! the churches are shut and profaned!"—"God, my

* From history.

daughter, will not want altars nor temples ; he will even have more, and still worthier of him ! Persecution will consecrate the dwellings of all the faithful ; cellars and vaults will be turned into august sanctuaries : pomp and magnificence they will not have, but they will possess all the grandeur of faith, all the heroism of piety ! What a divine flame must burn in the heart of the priest who, in celebrating the sublimest of sacrifices, devotes himself a victim !”—

“ Father, I confess I can hardly endure the thoughts of the persecutions you are going to be exposed to ! You will suffer a long time perhaps ; the idea of it distresses me in spite of all I can do. But I do not fear death for myself, or even for you ; I cannot conceive a more glorious destiny than that of dying with you for faith. Perhaps to recompense the filial devotion which led me to the

scaffold, God will again send me thither to bestow upon me the immortal palm of martyrdom! Oh! how delightful would it be to receive it in your bosom, and to be carried in your arms to the feet of the eternal!"—"My daughter, I can conceive those noble desires, for my heart participates them, but rational zeal is never indiscreet and rash. God commands us, both to take care of our life, and to preserve it nobly, when duty requires it. So, let us prepare for death, but let us beware of offering ourselves imprudently to martyrdom. Do not let us provoke our mistaken brethren, to perpetrate cruelties which will render them still more criminal. Reflect that we should have to answer to God, for the evil which our imprudence might make them commit. Let us pray for them; and as long as they ask nothing of us contrary to faith, let

us remain concealed, let us live in obscurity and silence."

Clara, always humble and submissive, promised to follow his prudent advice. She found no difficulty in conforming to it; for the fervour of true piety is only the enthusiasm of the most exalted reason: all is useful and great in its motives, all is pure and generous in its ardour, all is just and moderate in its principles.

Father Arsene restored to Clara the casket of diamonds and other jewels, which she had left at Nièmen. Soon after her departure the princess had sent them to the widow Marcella's, with an order to forward them to Clara, and Marcella not knowing where she was, had sent them to father Arsene. Clara asked a thousand questions about Euphemia, but Arsene assured her that he had heard nothing more from Marcella.

than that the princess was extremely wretched. This she was but too well convinced of, and it was one of her greatest sorrows.

It was soon known that Louis XIII. had put himself at the head of the army, and was on his march to reduce the rebels. Cardinal Richelieu, appointed head and superintendent of navigation and commerce in France, had advanced before the king*. If the world were astonished to see a prince of the church amidst camps commanding French generals, they were still more astonished at his cool intrepid courage, his talents, and his perseverance, in an enterprise so thwarted by his enemies, and so little liked by the king him-

* From history.

self *. The success with which this unwearied constancy was ultimately crowned, was the most useful and the most glorious event in his administration (*a*).

These great preparations had no effect on the Rochellers, who were in expectation of an English fleet, much more considerable than the two former which Toiras, Schomberg, and the commander de Valençay had compelled to retire. De Valençay was destined to repel this third formidable fleet sent by the duke of Buckingham †, nor were the rebels more impatient than he for their arrival: in war the talents and courage which insure triumphs, give an

* From history.

† From history.

anticipated enjoyment of them*.—
The duke de Rohan, the head of the calvinists, did every thing he could to moderate the violence of their resolutions. In this he sometimes succeeded, but more frequently failed. A leader of rebels has only apparent authority. The independent spirit which causes rebellion, does not admit of true subordination; for equality is one of its principles. It was decreed, in spite of the

* Buckingham was at Portsmouth hastening this new expedition when he was stabbed by Felton, on the 23d of August. The fleet did not sail till the 8th of September. It was very badly fitted out. We learn from Rushworth, that the provisions stunk; and that it wanted proper tackling, and other materials. Whatever disgrace therefore might be reflected on the English ministry, its return without effecting its object, could be no ground of *glory* to the French commander.—R. C. D.

duke de Rohan, that all persons of both sexes, who were bound by religious vows, should quit their monasteries without delay, and dress in common clothes; and that no catholic priest should celebrate divine service, or administer the sacraments, under pain of fine and imprisonment *. The Sisters of Charity, however, doubly useful in a besieged town, were permitted to wear their habit. It was resolved that two hospitals should be immediately prepared, one for the military of the town, and another for wounded prisoners. Almost all the Sisters of Charity were kept for the former, and the large mansion of the Ursulines was taken for the latter. All the nuns of this convent requested to remain there, to attend on the

* From history.

wounded, under the direction of four Sisters of Charity. As these nuns, till that time devoted to the education of youth, were generally revered, their request was granted, on condition of their taking a dress something like that of the Sisters of Charity. The pensioners were all sent away; but as Clara was not in the classes, and as she promised to help the Sisters, she was allowed to stay.

The Sisters of Charity were so much wanted, that an extraordinary exception was made in their favour. They were allowed to have a chaplain, but were at the same time forbidden all chanting of the church service, and ordered to hear mass only at day-light, and to admit no stranger to join them. Thus these two hospitals were the only houses in the town, where the catholic worship was tolerated. Clara thanked

God from the bottom of her heart, for having fixed her in one of the privileged houses. She found great consolation in devoting herself to the service of the royalist prisoners..... She knew that Valmore was with the army, and the thought often brought tears to her eyes.....

That she might not be known or seen by any man, she always wore a thick, long, black hood hanging over her face; a dress which had been adopted by the Ursulines. Thus Clara, wearing also their black stuff gown, might remain constantly veiled without being remarked. Honorina never left her: not having completed her noviciate, it had not been in her power to take the veil; but considering herself as consecrated to God, she would not quit her companions.

The fighting was recommenced, and

there was soon a number of wounded sent in to be taken care of. Clara every day asked with trembling, the names of the prisoners brought to the hospital. She did not herself dress them, but helped the Sisters in getting the things ready, and in handing whatever was wanted in the dressings. She could not look at the wounds of the soldiers without shuddering. A secret feeling uniting with common humanity rendered her pity acute. A still more dreadful thought frequently made tears stream down her cheeks: "Alas!" said she to herself, "they are fortunate who are only wounded in this battle! How many are left dead upon the field!"

She found no alleviation to these afflicting thoughts, but in retiring to her cell, to implore the blessings of

heaven for the soldiers of the royal army.

One morning, father Arsene brought her intelligence extremely important to her. "My daughter," said he, "redouble your prudence, and conceal yourself with greater care than ever. Montalban is within the walls of Rochelle....."—"Oh! heavens!" cried Clara. "Yes, my child," continued father Arsene, "that wretched man, loaded with debt, and flying from his creditors, first threw himself into the arms of the enemies of France, and has now joined the rebels. He is here, and is said to have great weight with the duke de Rohan. I have met him; he saw and knew me; and the sternness with which he eyed me, is an earnest of the persecutions I may expect. He believes you are no longer in existence;

but he knows that from your earliest years I have had the direction of your conscience ; he knows that I accompanied you to the scaffold, and that the secret of your innocence is lodged in my bosom.”—“Oh! father!” said Clara, “he will bring destruction upon you...” —“Confining myself entirely to the functions of my ministry, it will at least be impossible to denounce me for cabals and plots ; I can only be persecuted for a cause in which I would lay down my life with rapture. I am uneasy only for you, my daughter, Be on your guard : let your face be always covered even in your cell, where you may be unexpectedly broken in upon.”

This conversation excited in Clara great apprehension for the venerable monk.

Clara had proposed to fumigate the infirmaries twice a day, and had taken

the care of it upon herself. One morning as she was going through the rooms, burning perfumes in a little alabaster vase, the folding doors opened, and the duke de Rohan appeared. She shuddered at the sound of his name, and thought that Montalban might be with him; but he was not. The duke was come to inspect the hospital. He looked at Clara with surprise: he was greatly struck on seeing a veiled figure of so majestic a form, and such perfect symmetry: he admired the beauty of her hands, the dazzling white of which eclipsed that of the vase she carried. He asked the Sisters who attended him if she was a nun, and was informed that she was a young orphan, who, though she had not taken the veil, devoted herself to the service of the sick. Clara thought only of retiring, but to go to the door she was obliged to pass

by the duke, who stopped her and spoke to her in the most affable manner. The melody of her voice, and her noble and modest replies, completely interested the duke in her favour; and when she withdrew he followed her with his eyes. He asked if she was handsome, and was told that she was as beautiful as an angel. She left a strong impression on his imagination.

Clara's apprehensions for father Arsene were but too well founded. Five or six days after their conversation, that virtuous old man was arrested, on the information of Montalban, and sent as a *fanatic* to a prison, where he was thrown into a dungeon. As he did not dare to go to the hospital more than once a week, Clara heard nothing of this sad event till eight days had passed; when, listening only to the impulse of her heart, she determined to

apply herself to the duke de Rohan. Honorina wrote, as she dictated, a letter, in which she besought him to grant her a moment's audience. She received an answer on the same day, in the duke's own hand, desiring her to come to his palace at seven o'clock that evening. Clara, accompanied by the eldest of the Sisters of Charity, went before the hour appointed. Continuing veiled, and carrying her protectress with her, she entered the duke's cabinet and found him alone. She immediately threw herself at his feet, and with the most eloquent ardour begged that father Arsene might be released. The duke was much affected, raised her, made her sit down, and put questions to her, more for the pleasure of hearing her speak, than to obtain any information on a business about which he cared so little. She spoke in the

most feeling manner of the virtues of father Arsene, while the duke listened with profound admiration; and when she ceased speaking, he told her, after a moment's silence, that that monk had been accused of a most violent and extravagant seditious fanaticism: "and," continued the duke, "he has been denounced as such by a man of all others the most zealous in our cause, Montalban....." At the name Clara shuddered. "But," said the duke, "I will believe nobody but you; and to you I grant his liberty. Let him in future be more circumspect, and he shall live quietly under your protection." Clara expressed her gratitude in the liveliest effusions of joy. The duke enjoined her secrecy on this private interview, which completed all she wished. "I must even have Montalban himself know nothing of it;" said he, "for it

would not be easy to prove, that in listening to you I yielded only to reason and humanity ; and the head of a party must appear inaccessible to every species of seduction. And who now would believe that, coming to ask a favour of me, you left my room without once raising your veil ?”.... To this Clara replied, “ That she had made a vow to remain veiled as long as the war lasted.” It was so common in that age to make private vows, that this answer did not surprise the duke. “ At present,” added she, “ this town is a camp, and women should not be seen in it. Deep mourning and absolute retirement become us during the course of these calamities.”—“ Madam,” replied the duke, “ whatever vow you may make, you can never be hidden ; whoever but gets a glimpse of you will not be able to forget you.” As he said

this he rose, and going to his desk wrote an order for the liberation of father Arsene.

Furnished with this order, Clara, without losing a moment, flew to the prison, and arrived there with her companion at half past eight o'clock. It was then the month of March: the night and darkness increased her agitation. She was determined to go herself, in her turn, and deliver her generous deliverer. The doors were all thrown open to her, but she did not know that he was in a dungeon; and her heart was in agony as she went down the long damp stairs, which led to the vault where he was shut up.—“Oh! heavens!” cried she, “into what dreadful dungeon are you leading us?”—“Into the lowest of all,” replied the jailor, “we were ordered to treat this old man with the greatest ri-

gour: the malefactors hole, no light, bread and water, irons on hands and feet. They said he was a traitor and conspirator; it seems they were mistaken: it will happen so sometimes; I am very glad of it for this old man's sake; he is so gentle and patient." During this speech, Clara, pale and trembling, leaned on the arm of her companion, and though she felt her strength failing pressed forward.

They at last arrived at the door of the dungeon, which was opened; but Clara, afraid of appearing too suddenly to father Arsene, concealed herself for a moment, while the jailer entered alone. Clara, by the light of his lantern, saw, without being perceived, the pious old man, sitting on a stone seat. His body was fastened to the wall by a thick chain; his hands were manacled, and crossed upon his breast: they were

shackled in that position at his request. His feet were chained together by large iron rings. In this state, the mildness and serenity of his countenance gave to his whole person a sublime appearance of holiness. The jailer, who had promised Clara to apprize him gently of the change in his situation, asked him how he did. "Pretty well, my friend," replied he smiling.—"Yet you are very pale."—"My body suffers, it is true, but my soul is easy and satisfied."—"It will not be long."—"I hope not."—"I mean that you will go out soon."—"I do not think so."—"And as I see that you are not furious, as they said you was, I will, at all events, take off your chains. . . ."—"No, no," cried Clara, "running into the dungeon, "no, I must loosen them...." — "My daughter!" said the old man, "do you hazard nothing, in coming here?"—"Oh!"

replied Clara, "my life belongs to you; it is one of your gifts, and even before I owed it to you I would have laid it down for you.... But dismiss your fears, it is the Duke de Rohan himself who protects and delivers you." As she spoke, she strove with all her strength to undo the chains; but her delicate hands could scarcely lift them; she wet them with her tears while the jailer removed them. Father Arsene, freed from his chains, would have leaned upon the arm offered by Clara, but he was unable to rise. The dampness of the dungeon, eight days dreadful suffering, a rigorous fast, and the absolute want of sleep, had so exhausted his strength, that he hardly appeared to have any life remaining in him; besides, his swollen and bruised legs could no longer support him, or even move. He thought himself that he was dying. "My

daughter," said he, in a languid voice, "I would gladly live to reward you for your cares; but" He could not finish his sentence; his head fell nerveless on his shoulder, his eyes closed..... "God! God!" cried Clara, distracted; "he is dying!.....O! my only support, my guardian angel, are you going to forsake me?.....O! speak once more to your unhappy daughter, and bless her!" At these words father Arsene opened his eyes, and raising with difficulty his weak and frozen hand: "My daughter," said he, "I constantly bless you.... But why this despair? where now is your faith?...."—"O father! to see you die on that stone, and in this horrid dungeon!"—"Think of the cause for which I am here!....Think that at this moment particularly, I contemplate with rapture this dungeon, these irons; and that the sweetest recollection I have is that

of what I have supported on this stone.... Bless, and thank with me the Lord...." As he said these words, his head again fell, his eyes again closed, and he gave a deep sigh.... "He is dead!" cried Clara, with a voice of agony.... The Sister of Charity went close to him, felt his pulse, and gave Clara new life by assuring her that he had only fainted. Accordingly he was brought to himself, but he was too weak to utter a single word. The jailer was paid to carry him to the carriage that was waiting at the door of the prison, and in which Clara took him to the hospital, where the Sisters, who knew him, received him with open arms. He was put into a private chamber, adjoining the great ward of the infirmary, and a nurse appointed to attend him; besides which, Clara sat up with him the whole night. The physician found

him in a fever, and said, that he saw little to hope in an old man famished, and who, loaded with chains, had suffered the torture of being fastened to a stone, without being able for eight days either to lie down to sleep, or to change his posture. About midnight he recovered his speech, and asked for the sacraments, which were administered to him by the chaplain of the house. An hour after he received them he drew his curtain aside, and looking at the inconsolable Clara: "My beloved daughter," said he, "I die in peace, assured that the true, the supreme Protector will never forsake you." Clara answered only by her tears. He asked her to read prayers to him, which she did till it was day, when he appeared to have fallen asleep, and Honorina dragging Clara away, forced her to lie down on her bed. During the two following

days father Arsene continued in the same state; and Clara was constantly at his bed-side, admiring his angelic fervour, and the affecting serenity of his countenance.

On the third day he appeared to grow worse, and at night he fell into a deep sleep, which gave apprehensions that his dissolution was at hand: his body was completely benumbed, but his pure and noble soul was still active: independent of matter, insensible to external objects, he saw only his God. Deprived of the faculties which direct us in comparing, hoping, and fearing, he but the more enjoyed the power of loving. Supreme perfection could no longer excite in him astonishment and admiration, but he adored with ecstasy. From time to time the name of God came from his lips, and his feeble hands exerted a degree of strength in pressing

the crucifix which he embraced. Clara, a prey to grief, fixing her eyes upon him, wept only for herself; she found the most powerful of all consolations in the sweet thought that her revered friend would soon enjoy immortal bliss.

Every thing on this day seemed to conspire to overwhelm her: she knew that the besieged had made a sortie, and that the armies were engaged. Her affliction sometimes yielded to painful solicitude, and her thoughts strayed to the field of battle. She upbraided herself for these sad wanderings of her imagination: "O my God!" said she, "I beseech thee to suffer nothing to divert my attention from the most august sight the human eye can contemplate, the death of the righteous: ought not gratitude and piety to keep all my thoughts fixed here!" At seven o'clock in the evening, Clara heard a great

bustle in the wards of the infirmary: a sad foreboding made her heart beat most violently.....she listened, yet was afraid to hear; and she remained in this state nearly half an hour, when the door opened, and Honorina, her eyes swimming in tears, glided gently in, and without any preparation, said that Valmore was just brought in a prisoner; that he was not taken till he had been repeatedly wounded, and till, from loss of blood, he had fainted on his horse, which was killed by a musket ball. "This unfortunate young man," added Honorina, "is dying; it is thought that he cannot live till day." To this dreadful account, the unfortunate Clara said not a word; to her all was at an end in this deceitful and transient life; she had nothing more to say to the inhabitants of the earth....

To support a complete and irretriev-

able misfortune, the courage of a great mind may, no doubt, suffice of itself; but that mind does not submit to fate, it braves it; it does not throw off despair, it domineers over it, or rather pride dissembles it; but this effort of pride in surmounting grief, hardens the soul. The courage, inspired by religion, is of another nature; heroic and sublime in its effects, it does not destroy sensibility; the pious mind to be great does not require to be hardened, nor to arm itself with a proud contempt of a blind power; it submits on good grounds to the will which it adores. In short, to a pious mind, every misfortune has its consolation; what do I say? it knows no real misfortune: it cannot be indignant against fate; but it exclusively possesses the noble privilege of being superior to calamity.

Clara, her eyes fixed on Honorina,

her mouth half open, and the paleness of death on her face, appeared to continue listening, though Honorina had ceased speaking. But these dreadful words still echoed in her ear: *it is thought that he cannot live till day!...* At last, after some minutes, she made a sign to Honorina to go away. Honorina immediately left her, and Clara found herself alone; for father Arsene continued in the same state of insensibility, and his nurse was fast asleep: without moving and still in the same attitude, she said, in a choked voice: "Arsene and Valmore are both dying!" The articulation of these words was followed by such violent agony, that she was alarmed at her sensations; she felt that it required supernatural aid to support her, she prayed for it, and her tears began to flow..... "O God," said she, "to strengthen, to console me, grant that I.

may keep in mind their virtues, and think only of the reward they are about to receive. The one dies a martyr to faith; the other dies a hero, a loyal subject, and his piety has always equalled his valour. O God of Hosts! thou lovest and blessest virtuous warriors; and to fall gloriously for our country, and for our sovereign, is in thine eyes a holy death. Go then, brave and virtuous spirits, spring into the bosom of the Creator; go into the immortal abodes, before the unfortunate creature who weeps at your departure yet envies you: you will perhaps obtain for me an end of my exile, our speedy reunion.Alas! all mortal hopes, like the deceitful dreams of night, will vanish from me when the day appears; but divine hope, daughter of Heaven, hope, founded on the word of God itself, will be left me. Supreme goodness made it

a virtue, to render this necessary consolation the dearer to us.... And, who, without it, would be able to bear such woes?" These prayers were frequently interrupted by tears, but the bitterness of them was mitigated by humble and pious resignation. At three in the morning, father Arsene moved, opened his eyes, and looked about for Clara; she ran to his bed, calling the nurse, who felt his pulse and declared he was better. In a quarter of an hour he spoke, and Clara said to him: "O my father! pray for the wounded royalists!" She spoke in tears, for she thought that Valmore, perhaps, was no more.

As the night advanced, the pangs concentrated in her mind seemed to expand, and became every minute more acute....She was sure that Honorina would come as soon as it was day to enquire for father Arsene, and that she

would have previously visited the wards of the infirmary. She wished, yet dreaded to see her. At five o'clock she thought she heard a gentle tapping at the door, but she had not strength to go and open it, and remained petrified where she was; the nurse opened the door and Honorina came in. Clara raised her eyes towards her in anxious trepidation. Honorina went up to her and told her that she had seen Valmore dressed, and that the doctors pronounced him to be in no danger...Before she could say more, Clara, bathed in tears, threw herself into Honorina's arms: "My dear, dear friend!" cried she ... "father Arsene too is much better." Indeed, nothing was wanting to complete Clara's joy on this happy morning. The physician confirmed the nurse's opinion respecting father Arsene, declaring that he was no longer in an

alarming state; and Valmore, though covered with wounds, had not received one dangerous one! With what transport did Clara give thanks to God! In recollecting the excess of her grief, her gratitude made her apprehensive that she had not been sufficiently resigned, sufficiently submissive; and reproaching herself even for her tears, it appeared to her that she had murmured.

It gave no little pain to Clara that she could not, concealed under her veil, do for Valmore, what she had done for so many indifferent persons and strangers, in helping the Sisters of Charity, while they attended so perseveringly to the sick. But gratitude kept her with father Arsene, and to that virtuous sentiment all else gave way. From that moment till he was convalescent, she never left him but to go and take rest. She daily received pleasing accounts of

Valmore, and, after so much suffering, was comparatively happy. Valmore, on his part, having recognized Honorina, whom he had seen at Jerson's farm, had enquired of her for the young *Olympia*, and knew that she was in the house.

As soon as father Arsene was well enough to rise, he left the hospital, promising Clara not to go out any more in the day time, and to conceal himself more carefully than ever, in order to avoid meeting his savage enemy, and to escape the persecutions, which were more violent than ever against the catholics, and particularly the priests.

Clara, no longer wanted by her revered friend, returned to her attendance on the Sisters in the infirmary. She now saw Valmore, handed him his food, and fumigated the room in which he was.....Through her veil she had seen

him start on her first approaching him. He had strove with all his power to banish the wretched Clara from his remembrance; but when he recollected Olympia, his emotion was renewed. One of the Sisters had informed him that she had made a resolution to conceal herself from all men, and to take care of the sick without speaking. Valmore respected those vows of modesty: he took pleasure in following with his eyes this beautiful, modest figure, shunning profane looks, and perfuming the air as it moved along. In those long, mourning garments, he thought her an interesting and mysterious emblem of melancholy and chastity.....He knew that her veil concealed a heavenly face, and when his imagination attempted to picture her features and an angelic countenance, he shuddered, for he could form only those of Clara.

In a month's time Valmore's health was so far mended that he could rise, and with the assistance of an arm walk round the room. The day after he first did this, Clara did not appear in the wards, knowing that the Duke de Rohan was to be there. As soon as the duke was gone Honorina went to Clara's cell, to inform her that Valmore was going to leave them. "How?" said Clara. "It is very true, indeed," replied Honorina: "being in attendance with our superior, I can tell you all as I heard it. The duke came, accompanied by a general, who did not go into the ward where Valmore sleeps, but said to the duke: 'I will wait here for you: I loved him so much, that I should be very much affected at the sight of him; but an officer of his distinction must not remain in this place; he must be lodged in one of the handsome empty houses in

the *Rue du Port*.—‘Very well,’ said the duke, ‘do you take care and see it done, if he is in a state to be removed.’—‘To-morrow night,’ replied the general, ‘I will send a litter for him.’—‘Very well,’ said the duke”—“Good heavens!” cried Clara, turning pale, and interrupting Honorina, “do you know the general’s name?”—“O yes: his name is Montalban.” At this dreadful name, the mention of which was enough to raise an idea of treachery and a crime, Clara put her hands over her face, and after reflecting for some minutes: “My dear Honorina,” said she, “I know that you are to be depended upon: swear that you will keep what I am going to say to you a secret.”—“I do swear it.”—“Hear me then: I know, beyond doubt, that Montalban is an implacable and cruel man, and that he is Valmore’s mortal

enemy.”—“ Great God !”.....“ We must save Valmore : we must contrive to make him escape this night....”—“ But that is impossible.”—“ Nothing, with the protection of Providence, is impossible. God will inspire and guide us, he will ensure us success.”—“ What is to be done ? I wish, like you, to save this good young man, who has been so kind to my parents, and who saved you from those wicked soldiers.”—“ I will go and reflect upon it; do you go and pray to God ; and come back to me in a couple of hours.”

Clara having, by father Arsene's advice, and through his means, sold to a Jew all the diamonds given to her by Euphemia, had a large sum of money in her hands. She recollected that she still had the key of the chamber lately occupied by father Arsene, which she had never been asked for. In this chamber,

which was on the first floor, there was a window that looked into a court, and there were two doors, one of which opened into a passage, and the other, kept locked on the inside, communicated with the ward where Valmore slept, and within two steps of his bed. A centinel was stationed in the court at night; and the door of the ward was guarded by an overseer of the infirmary, who did not go to bed all night. Clara, however, knew that in his heart he was a royalist, and that he hated the rebels. It was necessary to gain these two men, and that was done by money. Clara promised to divide equally between them the sum in her possession, and advanced the money they asked for the necessary preparations. The business was settled in the course of an hour, without reasoning, by merely showing the money, which was to be paid on delivering the

prisoner into their hands, and by promising that Valmore, on his return to the royal army, should give them as much more, and provide them with places. When Honorina returned to Clara the plan was settled, and the two men gained. The soldier had engaged to make the porter of the court drunk, and to take his keys from him; and as a flag of truce was to leave the town at one o'clock in the morning to repair to the royal army, the soldier said he was certain that the overseer of the infirmary, the prisoner, and himself, would easily pass with the escort, in consequence of the artifices he should employ for that purpose in the course of the day. Being known to the person to be sent with the flag of truce, who had confidence in him, he meant to ask his permission to escort him, with two of his companions. Nothing more remained but to apprise

Valmore. "I must write to him, my dear Honorina," said Clara; "but as he takes your hand-writing for mine, you shall write what I dictate."

The note written by Honorina was this:

"An imminent danger threatens you. You are not on your parole, and are therefore warranted in effecting your escape.—Every thing shall be ready at midnight. Trust to the overseer, and do as he directs you.

"OLYMPIA."

Clara took the note, and hiding it under her veil, went to the infirmary with the Sisters. It was noon. It was with extreme pleasure that she found Valmore up, and appearing much stronger than the day before. He went to a little table on which the Sisters laid his dinner. Clara let a piece of bread

fall; and Valmore stooping as well as she to pick it up, she met his hand with her's and gave him her note. She then rose and hastened away. Valmore's surprise and emotion were inexpressible. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that the paper contained some important information. He hid it till after his dinner, when, pretending to find himself ill, he lay down on his bed, and drawing his curtains read the note. He was highly delighted with the kind interest shown by this young woman, but was at a loss to imagine what this *imminent danger* could be, or how she could have gained the knowledge of it; still less could he conceive the possibility of escaping from a town besieged; and he dreaded, lest *Olympia* should endanger herself by attempting to save him. While he was agitated with these thoughts, the over-

seer of the infirmary had prepared every thing to facilitate his flight. In Valmore's ward there remained no more than four wounded prisoners, whom the overseer removed into the convalescent ward. With respect to Valmore, he said, that it was not worth while to give him the trouble of changing, as he was to leave the hospital the next day; and he took it upon himself alone to watch, and pass the night near him.

At seven o'clock at night every thing being concluded, Clara, relying on the faith of her two associates, delivered to them the promised sum, and both assured her that they were certain of success.

The Sisters having left the ward for the night, the overseer was at length alone with Valmore, to whom he detailed the whole plan formed by *Olympia* for his flight; nor did he conceal from him, that he, as well as the sol-

dier, had received from her the sum of two hundred and fifty louis; adding, that she had promised as much in the name of Valmore, when he should be at liberty. Impressed with gratitude and admiration, and astonished in the highest degree, Valmore confirmed the promise, and made several more, thus exciting the overseer's zeal to its utmost pitch of ardour. He dressed Valmore as a soldier, and at a quarter before twelve made him take a strengthening potion. Precisely at twelve the door of the chamber, which had been occupied by father Arsene, was softly thrown a-jar. The overseer now quitted Valmore to go out another way farther round, in doing which he was obliged to pass through a ward where there were a number of patients. He hoped to pass unperceived, but there was no risk even if he were seen, as he often went

that way for things which were wanted ; and as to his return, it was not likely that any body would think about it, or if they did, he might be supposed to have returned unnoticed, or while all were asleep. The principal object of his taking that way was to leave the doors open, that it might be believed next day that he had effected the prisoner's escape in that direction, by which all suspicion would be removed from Clara.

As soon as the overseer had left the ward, Valmore, having drawn the curtains round his bed, advanced with anxious and grateful feelings towards the door that invited him. This awful night was the eve of May-day. He started on entering the chamber. There was no candle or lamp in it ; but the window was open, and by the light of the moon, he saw Clara veiled present-

ing her hand to him ; the hand of his deliverer. He received it with emotion, and felt it tremble. The time of night, the silent figure before him, covered with black crape, and which, expressing itself only by sighs, appeared a suffering shade ; surprise, mystery ; all, at this moment, conspired to make a lively impression on Valmore's imagination....

Clara, holding him by the hand, led him up to an image of the virgin, before which she made him kneel, and knelt at his side : after a short prayer she rose, beaming with faith and hope, conducted him to the window, showed him the ladder against the wall, and by a gesture invited him to go down without delay. What would he not have given for the interchange of a few words ! But he submitted to the silence imposed ; and kissing the hem of Clara's veil, hastened down the ladder. In the

court he found the soldier and the overseer of the infirmary, who took the ladder down, and carried it to the other side of the court, where they placed it against the window of a passage leading to the wards ; the overseer having taken care to leave it open.—

And now Valmore, raising his hands towards Clara, bade her a last adieu, and followed the men. She then gently shut the window, and the door next to the infirmary, and went to her cell. For some hours she found it impossible to allay her agitation ; but, at length, the perfect stillness that reigned throughout the house dispelled her fears, and she fell asleep, with the sweet thought that Heaven had blessed this dangerous and difficult enterprise. Clara had determined to confess the fact, should any body be exposed to danger by Valmore's flight ; but no one was accused

of being privy to it. His escape was not discovered till six o'clock in the morning; and it was generally thought that the overseer of the infirmary, gained by him, had contrived every thing. Clara had the pleasure of learning with certainty, in the course of that happy day, that every thing had succeeded, and that Valmore was with the royal army.

It was three weeks after this event, that the Rochellers were overjoyed at the arrival of the long-expected fleet from England. The rebels never doubted of obtaining a brilliant victory with such a force. Humiliating hope! sad effect of party spirit, which led Frenchmen to depend more upon the courage of foreigners, than upon that of their countrymen!

Clara now heard news, which, while

it had a great effect in the town, was to her a source of much uneasiness. The count de Rosenberg, at the head of a corps of Germans, had entered Rochelle. The day after his arrival the besieged made a sortie, and the count went with them at the head of his troops. During the engagement, his ardour impelling him too far, and his troops not keeping up with him, he was made prisoner. When this event was told to Clara, she instantly thought of Euphemia. What would she not do to restore the husband of her benefactress to liberty! She consulted with father Arsene, who discovered that the count's old valet-de-chambre, left behind at Rochelle, had obtained leave to go to his master in the royal army. Clara took the opportunity to send the following note, written by Honprina, to Valmore:

“ If you can give liberty to the
“ count de Rosenberg, you will much
“ oblige

“ OLYMPIA.”

This was carried by father Arsene to the valet-de-chambre, who promised to deliver it to Valmore, and punctually kept his promise.

A note from *Olympia* was quite enough to make Valmore undertake any thing. The count had not been made prisoner by him; but knowing that ultimate propositions of peace were to be sent to Rochelle the next day, he obtained the commission. He then wrote to the duke de Rohan, proposing to grant, on the king's authority, Rosenberg's liberty in exchange for that which he had procured for himself, and requesting a pass, that he might at the same time be the bearer of the new

conditions of peace, which his majesty deigned to offer. The proposal for the liberty of Rosenberg was accepted, and a pass sent. Montalban, who was with the duke when he received Valmore's letter, said that he knew, beyond a doubt, that during the two months he had been at Rochelle, Valmore had made a strong party in the town, and that he wished to come now, for no other purpose than to lay some dark plot: "for," added he, "besides a thousand other things which convince me of it, is it natural that when he had made an escape which he was justified in doing, as he was not a prisoner on parole, he should offer an exchange at all? and, if it were not that a refusal might be out of the question, would he propose for that exchange a man of such consequence as the count de Rosenberg?" The duke de Rohan was struck with these obser-

vations. "I shall receive him," replied he, "and attend to him, without appearing to have the slightest suspicion; but we will watch him. Do you remain in the palace, and when the conference is over I will send for you."

Valmore did not see Rosenberg till he went to escort him to Rochelle, and he examined with extreme curiosity, and not without uneasiness, a man of so dignified and handsome a form, for whom Olympia was so much interested.

After a long silence, Valmore asked him, if he were not surprised at recovering his liberty so soon, "for," added he, "a prisoner like you is not so readily given up. Nothing less than a powerful application, coming from within the walls of Rochelle, has pro-

duced an exchange so honourable to me, and so advantageous to our enemies..."—"How?" cried the astonished Rosenberg, interrupting Valmore.—“Very true;” replied Valmore, “you owe your liberty to a young woman of Rochelle. If you will accompany me, after the conference, to the gates, I will myself present you to her, for we shall pass by the house in which she lives: but till then permit me to say no more to you on the subject.” The count put no questions. He endeavoured in vain to guess who this young woman could be that was known to Valmore, and who took so much interest in him; the more he thought the farther was he likely to be from the truth. Having been but a few hours in Rochelle, he had not had time to get any information that might have guided him; and

how could he possibly imagine that Valmore was speaking thus of an object he must abhor? They at length entered Rochelle, and repairing immediately to the duke's palace, found him surrounded by the principal persons of the town: Rosenberg was admitted to the conference, and Valmore acquitted himself of his commission. The propositions were neither rejected nor accepted: four and twenty hours were demanded to consider of them.

After the conference, at the moment of taking leave, Valmore expressed a desire to go to the hospital where he had been taken care of, that he might himself carry a testimony of his gratitude, not to the Sisters, who received nothing, but to the surgeons and overseers of the infirmary; and he begged to be accompanied by the count de Ro-

senberg. He requested the permission in a light, indifferent manner, as if he did not care much about it. The duke, already prepared for suspicion, saw something very extraordinary in this request ; and, for that very reason, did not hesitate to grant it : on which Valmore went away with the count. Rosenberg knew that Clara was at the Ursulines of Rochelle, but did not know that that convent had been turned into an hospital ; therefore in going in with Valmore, nothing brought her to his recollection.

Valmore, as he said, gave a sum of money to be distributed, and then requested a servant, in a whisper, to lead him to Clara. Being shown the way to her cell, he walked quick, meaning to stay as short a time as possible at the hospital : the count accompanied him. On coming up to the cell, the

servant opened the door of it, announcing Valmore: Clara, thunder-struck, had but just time to lower her veil, before her unexpected visitors appeared. Valmore advanced and presented Rosenberg. "Madam," said he, "I could not resist the desire of seeing you once more, and of presenting to you the person whose return you so much wished....." Clara, standing, and motionless, made no reply:—they were all three silent. In a few minutes, however, the count, affected, as well as surprised, exclaimed: "What means this mystery? Have the goodness, madam, to let me know to whom I am so greatly obliged....." As he spoke these words, the door was again suddenly thrown open, and in walked the duke de Rohan and Montalban..... Clara, ready to faint, fell on a chair. Montalban, in the veiled

figure of the sinking Clara, saw only an intriguing woman, who wished to conceal herself from the duke's eyes; for for the duke had never mentioned her to him. "Well! my lord," said he, "what is this woman doing here? and why does she hide herself?".... The duke, addressing Valmore, said: "May I ask, sir, what motive could bring you here?"—"The best of motives," replied Valmore: "this lady, devoting herself to pious duties, took care of me among other sick persons, and I wished to thank her before I left the town!"—"Madam," said the duke, going up to Clara, "no one is more disposed than I am to believe you innocent, or at least to wish that you may be so; but it is time to put an end to the astonishing mystery of your conduct. Know, that you are reported to be a person of Louis XIIIth's court, a friend of cardinal Richelieu's,

concealing under the modest humility of that garb deep designs. Show your face ; I am persuaded that the very sight of you will be enough to refute the calumny and acquit you. But if you refuse to take off your veil, I shall be under the necessity of ordering Valmore to be instantly arrested, and you will raise a suspicion of one of our bravest friends, the count, de Rosenberg. "Cease," cried Valmore, interrupting the duke, "cease this odious compulsion : if you are capable of intending to violate the laws of nations, is there any need of a pretext ?"...—"Madam," resumed the duke, "it is to you only I shall reply ; I repeat, take off your veil if you are not the person you are said to be, and whoever else you are, I give you my word, Valmore is free." At these words the generous Clara, rising, said : "since it is for *him* I am to sacri-

fice myself, I shall not want courage...." and she threw off her veil..... Valmore, confounded, drew back, tottered, and leaned against the wall.... Rosenberg turned pale....the duke was struck dumb with admiration at the sight of such exquisite beauty.....Montalban was at first terrified on seeing his victim raised from the dead, perhaps to denounce him ; but soon recovering his audacity: "Wretch !" cried he, " follow me"..... " Why so ?" said the duke. " 'Tis my daughter."—"What! heavens! the noted Clara !".....—"Follow me ;" repeated Montalban, seizing her by the arm and dragging her, in spite of her resistance and cries. Valmore rushed between them, saying, while he averted his eyes from her: " No, no, let her be free." Clara, pale and trembling, leaned on Valmore's arm. Valmore shuddered, and shook her off. Montalban darted

upon her again with fury, took her up in his arms, and bore her away...Clara, almost expiring, cried in a feeble voice: "O! I am forsaken by all !.....Farewell, Valmore!" Valmore again would have delivered her; Montalban would not let her go; upon which Rosenberg, putting Valmore aside, caught Montalban, and wresting his victim from him, said: "I take this unfortunate young woman under my protection....."—"Do you know what you are doing?" cried Montalban.—"I do, nor will I forsake her; on that I am determined," replied the count, holding Clara close to his bosom. "But, by what right do you pretend to do this?" said the duke de Rohan: "I command here, and would not dare to force a daughter from her father"—"You must give her back to me," said Montalban boldly to the count, "or declare publicly, on what grounds you

withhold her.”—“ Learn, Montalban,” replied Rosenberg, “ that no man ever defied me in vain : I declare, then, that I have a sacred right to this unfortunate creature.... *I am her father.*”—“ O God! O God!” cried Clara, with unspeakable transport. At the same instant Montalban, who never thought that the count would dare to make the confession, exclaimed ; “ I am lost !” and left the cell. “ O God !” repeated Clara, with the most energetic expression of joy and rapture, “ O measureless power! as is my happiness at this moment, the first tribute of this grateful heart belongs to thee ! Thee must I thank before all!”As she said this, she pressed her hands that were clasped, raised to heaven her eyes swimming in tears, and in that attitude remained a few moments without moving. The duke, Rosenberg, and Valmore gazed at her with an

astonishment that suspended all their thoughts...when Clara, suddenly throwing her arms round Rosenberg's neck, said: "At last I may speak: O my father! blush no longer for your daughter;.... Valmore!...hear me..... That I might not denounce that monster whom I believed to be my father....." — "Heaven!" cried Valmore and Rosenberg at once.... "*he* was the murderer." "O! yes; he was the murderer"....said Clara. Valmore sprang towards her, but fell senseless at her feet. "Glory of my life!" cried Rosenberg. "O Valmore!" said Clara, "help Valmore!"... The duke de Rohan was so deeply affected at the scene before him, that he could not but think himself a party in it: he embraced Rosenberg, congratulated Clara enthusiastically, and paid every attention to Valmore. Valmore, at length, recovered his senses; the first

word he pronounced was Clara, and he again threw himself at her feet, saying, as he shed a shower of tears ; “ here I ought to die.” To find Clara, not only innocent, but embellished with all the interest and heroism of misfortune and virtue, was to him issuing from a dark abyss to see again the light, and to return to life; yet this happiness, which seemed to be too excessive for his strength, was sadly alloyed by the bitter remorse he felt for his dreadful error, and by the recollection of Julian. An accession of great happiness, far from suddenly relieving the soul from a real grief, seems, on the contrary, to renew its poignancy; for so avaricious of happiness is the heart, that what it acquires renders it still more sensible of what it wants. As for Clara, she felt it absolutely necessary to her peace to vindicate herself, without delay, on some points which ap-

peared inexplicable: it was in vain she was assured that a single word had explained all, that the villain, besides, at the first moment of surprise had betrayed himself by exclaiming that *he was lost*, and by flying; she entreated to be heard: Valmore would have left her, but she was determined not to leave him any riddles to solve; she conjured him to suffer her for one moment to open afresh the wounds of his heart, and she rapidly explained, in a few words, how the instruments of the crime were found in her hands, and how, concealed under the table, she became acquainted with the perpetration of the murder, by a bloody dagger being thrown upon her gown..... During this dreadful account, Valmore, on whom she did not dare to cast her eye; Valmore, pale, and trembling with grief and rage against the assassin, was supported by the duke and Rosen-

berg, and his dizzy head more than once fell on the shoulder of one or the other: he recollected at the same time, the shocking death of his son, and the outrages, the ignominy with which he had loaded the innocent and wretched Clara; a cold sweat stood upon his face, and his rapturous admiration of her yielded to the horror of his remorse for having hated and persecuted her.... "O! noblest and most generous of human beings!" cried he, "I am unworthy of the sentiments you preserve for me. Your sublime virtue is at once my pride and my reproach; it stains my life with an indelible spot; I ought to have guessed all..."—"No, no," said the count, "you can never want a justification, when appearances were so extraordinary, so unparalleled as to deceive even a father.... Valmore," continued he, "we are going to part; political interests separate us

for a time, and honour compels us to take up arms on different sides; but Clara's hand belongs to you; my daughter is your's, I pledge my word she shall be the wife only of Valmore. At these words, Valmore, his eyes still streaming with tears, fell on his knee to receive her hand, which Rosenberg presented to him. "In presence of this illustrious witness," continued the count, pointing to the duke de Rohan, "I unite you both: and think not, Valmore, that this lovely maid, this CHRISTIAN HEROINE is the offspring of illicit love, for, know, that I have been secretly married these twenty years...." This sentence, which no longer left Clara any doubt respecting her mother, completed her happiness. At this moment appeared one whom she anxiously wished to be present: father Arsene entered the cell. At the first moment of so wonderful a

she, "can you forget that for fifteen years I have given the name of father to that wretch?"—"On this day of joy and happiness," said father Arsene, "leave to heaven the care of avenging you; or rather pray that it may mitigate its just rigour.... Does not Clara's triumph carry with it the punishment of Montalban?"—"Hear! hear!" cried Clara; "the man who pleads for him, was by him thrown into a dungeon, and loaded with irons like the vilest of criminals!...."—"O! worthy protector of Clara!" cried Valmore: "And you, my heavenly friend! you my wife! have you not acquired the right of regulating in future, all the emotions of my heart?"—"No, no," said the duke de Rohan, "it must not be; such crimes cannot be suffered to go unpunished. Society demands vengeance, and must obtain it.—But it is time to part! go, Valmore;

Rosenberg and I answer for the safety of your wife: to feel the interest and admiration she inspires is an honour to one's self." Here Rosenberg requested that Clara's birth might be kept a secret. "I will declare her to be my daughter," said he, "on my return to Germany: in the mean time let us, on that point, only say, that we have discovered that Montalban is not her father, and that that monster has himself confessed his crime; but let us also immediately send to all the public papers particulars justifying Clara: by and by I will take her with me to the elector of ***'s court, and there proclaim the whole truth."

The duke de Rohan, father Arsene, and Valmore promised inviolable secrecy: but Clara, who wished to see her father every day, begged that the prioress of the Ursulines might be

admitted into their confidence, to which Rosenberg consented.

Valmore, dragged away by the duke and father Arsene, at length left Clara, and returned to the royal army. Rosenberg remained half an hour with his daughter, to dry the tears caused by the departure of Valmore: he then left her, promising to return in the evening to the apartments of the prioress, whom Clara was to apprize of his visit.

When Clara found herself alone, with what transports did she thank God, for so sudden and wonderful a change in her fate! The name of Clara, so stained, so branded, had not only recovered all its purity, but was about to become as illustrious as it had been dishonoured! She sighed only for retirement; she was very sure that Valmore would consent to her never appearing at court, or in the world; but

she considered as glory what was most delightful to her, the happiness of reflecting honour by her reputation on the authors of her life, and on the choice of a husband! Heaven too had given her parents whom, could she have chosen, her heart would have preferred to all others: a father whom she admired, a mother whom she adored! And Valmore was to be her husband! Valmore knew how innocent she was! So many distresses, so dreadful an error, had only served to render her more interesting in the eyes of Valmore, and to make her more deserving of his esteem and tenderness! With what rapture and gratitude did she recollect the happy presage, which, in the chapel at the Hermitage, announced to her a change in her fate! and the result of all these reflections was, that her imagination formed for the future

delightful plans and virtuous resolutions.

The count returned at six in the evening, and the prioress left him with his daughter, in a small room at the farthest part of her apartments, where Rosenberg taking Clara's hands and pressing them in his, said: "My child, when you recollect the resemblance which caused so much astonishment at the elector's court, you can be at no loss to guess who is your mother."—At these words Clara blushed, and her eyes filled with tears. It was painful to conceal any thing from her father, and she could not confess that Euphemia had intrusted her with her secret. "Yes, my child," continued the count, "the princess Euphemia is my wife, and your mother."—"Oh! then," cried Clara, "nothing is wanting to my happiness!"—"My dear Clara," said Ro-

senberg, feelingly, "what will be her joy when I restore you to her arms !.... You have her features, her softness, and her sensibility, with your father's spirit." As he spoke, he surveyed her with pride and rapture, at the thought that this young creature, so virtuous, so courageous, that this heroine was his daughter ! "I shall now," continued he, "give you an account of all that concerns you, and of my conduct respecting you ; the story will not be long. . . ."

"Having married the princess clandestinely, the most powerful motives compelled me to conceal our marriage. The princess, possessed of all the qualities that create esteem and love, is capable of very great discretion, but not of checking a sensibility that would have ruined us both, had I not constantly adhered to a prudence which has often given me,

“in her eyes, an appearance of harsh-
“ness. I was certain that she would
“be the tenderest and fondest of mo-
“thers, and that those feelings, by
“leading her into the most dangerous
“imprudencies, would be an eternal
✓ “subject of dispute between us, and
“consequently an exhaustless source of
“opposition and grief to her. I there-
“fore, when she was near the time of
“becoming a mother, formed a design
“of taking our child from her, of
“robbing her a while of maternal de-
“lights, that I might be able one day
“to restore them to her without danger
“to herself or to me. A confidence was
“necessary. There was at that time at
“court a Frenchman, six or seven years
“older than myself, with whom I had
“apparently no connection, but who
“privately had been of use to me, in
“several nice and difficult affairs. I

“knew him to be possessed of extreme
“discretion, great dexterity, and a
“mind the most inventive and fertile
“in expedients. My confidence in him
“did not spring from esteem, but I con-
“ceived that I owed him some grati-
“tude. I thought he had a superior
“understanding; for I was at an age
“when every intriguer, who is not a
“fool, appears a man of genius, be-
“cause the secret of the shameful and
“criminal means he employs to succeed
“is not known. Such a man was Mon-
“talban. Though I imagined him to
“to be greatly attached to me, I did
“not put full confidence in him. It
“had always been a maxim with me, to
“disclose only so much of a secret as
“was useful and necessary to be told.
“Besides, the half of mine was not
“my own; I was bound to conceal it.
“I mentioned no marriage, I named

“no mother; and as I was thought to
“be in love with another, Montalban
“had not the slightest suspicion of the
“truth. Upon my desiring him to find
“me the means of providing for a child
“at its birth, he proposed to me
“to make it pass for his own as
“long as I pleased; and to that intent
“he devised an ingenious and compli-
“cated plan, which gave the thing
“every appearance of probability that
“could be wished; and perfectly se-
“cured my secret. I repaid the ser-
“vice by procuring Montalban a lucra-
“tive place; which would have made
“the fortune of any other person.

“As soon as you were born, I took
“you into my arms, wrapped you up
“in my cloak, and tearing you from
“your mother’s caresses, carried you
“away. The midwife, by my order,
“told the princess that she had given

“ birth to a boy ; for knowing that Eu-
“ phemia wished for a girl, I deceived
“ her likewise in that respect, in order
“ to allay a little the poignancy of the
“ regret I was preparing for her ; for in-
“ about a fortnight she was told that the
“ child had died.”

“ Oh ! my father,” cried Clara, in-
interrupting the count, “ what amends
can we make her, for the tears such
cruel tidings must have cost her ?”—
“ By letting her know,” replied the
count, “ that Olymphia is her daughter ;
“ and be assured that without this arti-
“ fice, she would have been much more
“ to be pitied. It was chiefly for her
“ peace that I pursued that conduct ;
“ and this,” continued he, smiling, “ is
“ what women cannot comprehend :
“ they give the appellation of *cruelty*
“ to precautions and strict measures,
“ which their imprudence and weak-

" no mother ; and as I was
 " be in love with another
 " had not the slightest
 " truth. Upon my desire
 " me the means of procuring
 " at its birth, he
 " to make it possible
 " long as I pleased
 " he devised a plan
 " cated plan, and
 " every appearance
 " could be so
 " cured myself, the pleasure of seeing
 " vice-branded had the courage to deter-
 " mine to send you to France ;
 " therefore, besides, I thought you would
 " be better educated than in Germany.
 " You were two years old when you
 " were removed to a convent in Picardy,
 " and placed under the care of an ex-
 " cellent governess, who had never seen
 " me, and who, like the rest of the

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her, I assure you, my dear

ness render indispensable. But, in
future, I shall never hide any thing
from your mother and you." Clara's
only reply to this was by kissing the hands
of her father, who thus continued his
narrative: " You were put to nurse
at some miles from Niemen, where I
sometimes went with Montalban to
see you, without being known. I
felt even at that early period, that I
should love you passionately; that
while so near you I should never be
able to forego the pleasure of seeing
you, and I had the courage to deter-
mine on sending you to France;
where, besides, I thought you would
be better educated than in Germany.
You were two years old when you
were removed to a convent in Picardy,
and placed under the care of an ex-
cellent governess, who had never seen
me, and who, like the rest of the

“ world, believed you Montalban’s
“ daughter. Wishing to see you be-
“ fore your departure, I met you in
“ Montalban’s closet, where he re-
“ mained with us. You were grown
“ handsome, and so charming that I
“ was tempted to carry you to your
“ mother’s arms; but I soon abandoned
“ the idea on reflecting that I had re-
“ solved to send you to a distance; par-
“ ticularly because I did not dare to
“ depend even on my own prudence.
“ I gave you a number of toys; and I
“ asked you if you loved me as well, as
“ Montalban. At the question you
“ fixed your eyes upon me, without
“ speaking; you then threw yourself
“ into my arms, crying, not like a
“ child, but with that look of softness
“ and profound sorrow peculiar to your
“ mother: you were at once strikingly
“ like her. I assure you, my dear

“child, that this short meeting made
“an impression upon me which has
“never been effaced by time. As I
“was leaving you, I put round your
“neck a chain with a gold enamelled
“heart, containing your mother’s hair,
“with her christian name and mine
“engraved.....” Here Clara again in-
terrupted her father to show him the
chain, which she took from her bosom.
The count was greatly affected on see-
ing Euphemia’s first gift; the pledge
of love, and of fatherly fondness. “My
“child,” said he, “I need not tell you
“to keep it always; if the instinct of
“nature taught you to preserve it, filial
“piety will put a still greater value
“upon it....”

“After you were gone, I regularly
“heard of you through Montalban;
“and, as years rolled on, neither busi-
“ness, war, nor ambition, could ever

“ drive you from my remembrance.
“ You were eleven years old when the
“ elector sent me ambassador to France :
“ I applied for the appointment, and
“ principally to gratify the longing de-
“ sire I had to see you again. Wishing
“ not to be observed by you, I thought
“ of several ways to accomplish my
“ desire, all of which in the end proved
“ fruitless. When I had been eighteen
“ months at Paris, I found an oppor-
“ tunity of leaving it for a short time,
“ and I set out for Origny-abbey, where
“ you then were. I arrived on the eve
“ of a great festival ; and learned that,
“ on the next day, some of the pen-
“ sioners of the abbey were to be ad-
“ mitted to their first communion. The
“ next morning I was in the outer
“ church before the grand mass com-
“ menced. I placed myself very near,
“ and fronting the railing which sepa-

“ rated the church in which I was from
“ that of the nuns. A black curtain
“ was drawn behind the railing ; but it
“ was opened a little before the com-
“ munion, and I then saw the nuns
“ with their veils down, and the young
“ communicants, dressed in white,
“ drawn up in the middle of the choir.
“ I looked for you in this innocent
“ band ; but you were hid by your
“ companions. They chanted the *veni*
“ *Creator*. I was certain that amongst
“ those sweet voices I heard yours ; and
“ I conceived that I distinguished the
“ melodious accents of it. After chant-
“ ing the hymn, the girls came forward
“ in a row to the holy table. A door
“ of the railing was opened for them to
“ receive the sacrament one after an-
“ other. After the fifth communicant,
“ an angelic figure, younger and smaller
“ than the rest, advanced slowly. I

“ mechanically approached still nearer,
“ till I was at the side of the priest. I
“ had no difficulty in knowing you :
“ your resemblance to Euphemia, and
“ the agitation of my heart, did not
“ leave me the slightest doubt. I saw
“ you, my child ; I surveyed you with
“ rapture ; and I was convinced, from
“ your intent appearance, that I should
“ leave the church without being per-
“ ceived by you.

“ I brought from the abbey of Origny
“ an indelible impression. Before I left
“ the spot I felt an irresistible desire to
“ write to your mother, and that letter
“ is the only one she has ever received
“ from me. From that day I was for
“ ever thinking of you, and formed a
“ thousand different projects, one after
“ another for your establishment. Some
“ years after this I might have declared
“ my marriage to the elector, and ob-

“ tained his approbation ; it was your
“ interest that I should do so, and it
“ was precisely that reason which pre-
“ vented me. It was of itself a great
“ deal to confess to my master and be-
“ nefactor, that I had deceived him
“ for sixteen years ; and it appeared to
“ me so unworthy of my character to
“ make this tardy confession through a
“ motive of interest, that is to say, to
“ establish my daughter, that I resolved
“ not to reveal my mystery until I had
“ settled you. I made my ambitious
“ views for you yield to this feeling of
“ honour. Besides, it would have been
“ equally painful to me to restore you
“ to your mother, just as I wanted
“ a dower for you, and I felt pleasure
“ in disposing of you entirely. I would
“ have made every personal sacrifice to
“ marry you in a manner not unworthy
“ your birth ; and I was devising the

“ means when Montalban, whom pe-
“ cuniary embarrassments had lately
“ obliged to leave Germany, wrote to
“ inform me, that a nobleman of the
“ highest rank in France, was in love
“ you, and had proposed himself for
“ your husband. From the time of
“ your being in the hands of that vil-
“ lain, I felt a real regard for him ; and
“ as my connection with him was secret,
“ I never had an opportunity of making
“ myself acquainted with his character,
“ or of knowing his private conduct,
“ over which he threw an impenetrable
“ veil, by leading a very obscure kind
“ of life : I only knew, generally,
“ that his affairs were in a bad situation,
“ and that he was in debt. On his
“ giving me an account of all the advan-
“ tages of an alliance with Valmore;
“ the highest birth, a brilliant title, an
“ immense fortune, and a handsome

“ person, I wished the marriage to take
“ place, and the more, on being in-
“ formed that it was agreeable to your-
“ self. I wrote to France, in other
“ channels, to make farther enquiry,
“ and the answers I received agreed with
“ Montalban’s information. I had no
“ objection to settling you in France;
“ on the contrary, the great age and de-
“ licate health of the elector, did not
“ allow me to hope that I should have
“ him long. The hereditary prince has
“ an esteem for me; but he has two
“ favourites who will certainly, under
“ his reign, occupy the first places; so
“ that unless I could lower my ambi-
“ tion, I felt it necessary to change its
“ course. The plan I resolved upon was
“ this: to marry you in France, then
“ to obtain the elector’s approbation of
“ my own marriage, and after his death,
“ to enter into the service of France,

“ carrying your mother to settle there,
“ sure that she would be happy in any
“ country with her daughter and her hus-
“ band. I therefore answered Montal-
“ ban, that the alliance proposed was
“ agreeable to me in every respect, and
“ I concluded my letter thus: ‘ If this
“ affair succeeds, or any other like mar-
“ riage, uniting the same advantages, *per-*
“ *sonal beauty, illustrious birth, good*
“ *fortune, inclination to my daughter, I*
“ engage, my dear Montalban, to pay
“ all your debts, and settle upon you
“ an annuity of five hundred ducats:
“ but you are aware that it would be
“ impossible to do any thing like this
“ if you can procure for my daughter
“ only a moderate establishment.’ With
“ this letter I sent him a formal deed
“ to the effect proposed, and this, my
“ child, is the motive that determined
“ the monster to commit the execrable

“ crime which has been the cause of all
“ your misfortunes. He had informed
“ me that Valmore would take you
“ without a dowry, but I was not the
“ less determined to give you a suitable
“ one.

“ In a subsequent letter Montalban
“ told me that the greater part of Val-
“ more’s fortune was settled on his son :
“ my answer was that, as you had an
“ affection for him, I should not with-
“ draw my consent, though, in point
“ of interest, the marriage could not in
“ this case be considered as an advanta-
“ geous match to you. I fixed the first
“ of October for your wedding-day, in-
“ tending to tell every thing to Euphe-
“ mia, and with her consent to set out
“ and arrive at Valmore-castle on the
“ day for signing the marriage contract,
“ to declare your birth to your lover,
“ and present him my gifts. Montalban

“ fixed a much earlier day for your
“ marriage, well knowing that the crime
“ he meditated would postpone the celebration of it. But, great God !
“ what became of me, when, by an express from Montalban, I learned the
“ horrible event ! All the proofs against
“ you were so clear that it was impossible to have the smallest doubt. I dispatched a man to Paris, who brought
“ me back exactly the account I had
“ received from Montalban. I knew,
“ likewise, that the dagger which had
“ been used was of the same make
“ as a weapon found on one of the ruffians who infest the forest in the neighbourhood of Valmore-castle : they are
“ made in Switzerland, though the box
“ which fell into your hands came from
“ Germany. Such were the precautions
“ and combinations of the murderer,
“ that, had not chance made you his

“ victim, no reasonable suspicion could
“ ever have attached to him. I sent
“ the monster a present of four thou-
“ sand ducats: that sum not being half
“ enough to pay his debts, he kept it to
“ run off with, and paid nothing. I
“ desired him to put you into a convent,
“ but he sent me word that none would
“ receive you, and that he was going to
“ send you to Rosmal. In the midst of
“ the despair and horror you excited in
“ my breast, I was not insensible to
“ the astonishing courage you displayed
“ in going to the scaffold. I at once
“ abhorred and lamented you; your
“ image pursued me every where; I
“ could not look at your mother, but
“ I saw you in her face, and the very
“ object which should have consoled
“ me, served but to encrease my agony.
“ When I heard that you were dead,
“ my reason bade me rejoice, but I

“ could not ; on the contrary, I became
“ the more wretched. You may now
“ imagine what I felt on seeing you at
“ Nièmen ; I knew you the moment I
“ saw you. My surprise was accom-
“ panied with indignation, anger, and
“ terror ; but there was also something
“ like pleasure mingling with those
“ emotions, at finding you alive. On
“ this point I always felt as a father. In
“ the short interview between us in the
“ garden, the pangs I suffered, be as-
“ sured, far surpassed yours. After
“ your departure the princess’s tears
“ and wretchedness made me very un-
“ happy, yet I was pleased with her
“ grief and maternal instinct, her afflic-
“ tion on your account being one with
“ which my heart so completely sympa-
“ thized.....I was extremely struck with
“ the noble manner in which you re-
“ turned the money left with you by

“ my order.....You were to me an inexplicable being. “ O! my dear child !” exclaimed the count, as he concluded his narrative, “ since even then “ I felt, in spite of myself, like a father, “ think, think how I love you now !”— “ Oh my father!” replied Clara, “ how “ can I but know it, when you so generously acknowledged an unfortunate “ being, branded with the most horrible “ crimes, for your daughter, from seeing “ her despair in falling again under the “ authority of the man who was resolved “ to take her away? Recollect, too, “ that I did not hesitate to sacrifice myself for the vile and barbarous man to “ whom I attached the name of father, “ and then judge what must be my “ feelings towards the noble author of “ my life !”

The count never tired of looking at his beloved daughter or of listening to

her. It was agreed between them that as she could not be more properly placed than in the convent, she should remain there while the siege lasted, and that he should afterwards carry her into Germany, whither Valmore might follow. After planning a thousand schemes for the future, the count left her, as much charmed with her understanding as he had been affected by, and as he gloried in, her sensibility, generous disposition, and all her virtues.

Clara went to bed, but could get no rest, of which she stood so much in need after such violent shocks and emotions. The continuation of the war, and her anxiety for her father and Valmore prevented the full enjoyment of her happiness. We cannot without pain and apprehension contemplate a happy prospect, which can only be

traced through present and inevitable dangers.

Clara did not sleep, and when she rose next morning, she found herself ill. She was feverish ; but, that she might not make her father uneasy, she would not complain, and bore her uncomfortable state for two days without speaking. On the third, however, the fever encreased to such a degree, that she was obliged to go to bed, and call in a physician. The count was extremely uneasy, and the more from his not being able, in consequence of his resolution to conceal her birth, to attend her himself: he was, besides, occupied a great part of the day in affairs relative to the war: father Arsene, however, went to him morning and evening to tell him how she was. The whole town were extremely interested for Clara's health, for her story

was generally known, as it had been reported by the duke de Rohan, confirmed by Montalban disappearing, and detailed in all the public papers. The innocent Clara was become the admiration of the world. The duke, determined to deliver Montalban up to justice, had given an order to arrest him, but he was not to be found.

Opposite to the convent of the Ursulines lived the Marquise de Grenelle, an old and virtuous lady, of the catholic persuasion. Her conduct had always been so exemplary, and her immense charity so well known, that the love of the poor, and general esteem had preserved her from the frenzy of party. Besides, interfering in nothing, and living in the greatest retirement, she had managed, since the troubles, to be completely forgotten by all the busy partizans. However, after the meeting,

at which Clara was acknowledged by her father, Montalban remembered to have heard of the pious Marquise de Grenelle spoken of, and not knowing where to hide himself, he ran into that hospitable house. He requested a moment's audience in private, was admitted, and obtained a promise of inviolable secrecy. He wore the uniform of an officer of superior rank, called himself by a different name, and begged an asylum for some days, saying that he was persecuted on account of the catholic religion. The manner in which he spoke, showed him to be a man of distinguished birth, or at least education, and he appeared so alarmed and agitated, that the Marquise felt very much for him. "I have," said she, "a little room into which nobody ever goes but myself, I will carry and hide you there this moment, for your danger

seems too urgent to allow time for making any enquiries respecting your person." At these words, Montalban laying his sword and a brace of pistols upon the table, said: "Madam, on the faith of hospitality I constitute myself your prisoner for four or five days."—"Be it so, Sir," replied the Marquise, "you shall see nobody but me, and I will myself bring you your food." She accordingly carried him to a cabinet which had no outlet but through her apartments. Montalban, hardened in impiety, for such wickedness could not exist without the disbelief of a God, Montalban felt no remorse, but finding himself irretrievably undone, rage took possession of his heart, and the perpetration of new crimes fired his imagination. His blood, enflamed by an unavailing and confined fury, threw him into a burning fever, and when the

Marquise went to him the next day, she found him in bed. Montalban continued ill, and on the third day the marquise herself had so violent an attack of the rheumatism that it was impossible for her to go and take care of her guest, and not being willing to trust his secret to a servant, she was at a loss what to do. Father Arsene used to go privately every Sunday to her house to say mass, and she thought of sending for him on this occasion. Upon receiving her message he immediately came to her; she told him, in confidence, that she concealed a persecuted catholic, and requested him to carry him his food. Father Arsene, ever ready to do a good action, went immediately to the cabinet, which he well knew, having before seen another fugitive there. At the noise he made in going in, Montalban, still sick and in bed, drew his curtain aside, and

seeing father Arsene, exclaimed: "I am betrayed!" Father Arsene shuddered at the sight of the monster; but immediately overcoming his agitation, he informed him of the truth. "Well!" said Montalban, "I am dying; go and denounce me, take your revenge, you are not the only priest I have persecuted, I have been an enemy to them all."—"O! bless God then," said father Arsene, "who vouchsafes to send one to absolve you. If it is true that you are dangerously ill, open your eyes at last, and throw yourself into the arms of religion."—"Leave me, go I say, go and denounce me."—"Do you think me a hypocrite?" said father Arsene: "and if you do not, can you doubt my faith. You live; I see in you only a brother; I would expose my life to be of use to you, and I would lay it down with joy to save your soul. It is not poor Ar-

sene, it is not a weak creature, born perhaps revengeful, who speaks this language to you ; it is religion that addresses you thus, it is religion that orders me to love you, and to serve you; for it may command love, as it inspires docile hearts with the sentiments it enjoins them.”—“ I must first of all be able to depend upon your sincerity.”—“ How shall that be effected ? ”—“ I wish to speak to one, of my servants named Philip ; send him word to be this evening, at dusk, at the end of this street, on the side of the west-gate.”—“ Why not see him here ? ”—“ I do not wish him to know the place in which I secrete myself ; I trust nobody.”—“ Will you be able to get up ? ”—“ I will try.”—“ I will do as you desire.” Saying this father Arsene retired, promising to apprise the Marquise, that Montalban might be able to pass un-

noticed. He returned to him in about a quarter of an hour, to tell him how he was to go out, and then left him. Montalban passed the rest of the day in continual terror, thinking, at every the least noise, that somebody was coming to arrest him ; for he could not persuade himself that father Arsene was sincere. As soon as it was dark, he dressed himself and went into the street, where he experienced the same terrors. At length he met his servant, to whom he put a great many questions ; and learned from him that Clara remained at the Ursulines, and that she was ill, but not dangerously. The servant also told him that a sortie was to be made in the morning, at day-break, through the west-gate. On hearing this, Montalban ordered him to bring him a horse and arms to the same street, a quarter of an hour before day. He then dismissed

the servant, and went back to his lurking-place, at the Marquise de Grenelle's. In the evening father Arsene returned to carry him his supper, and Montalban desired him to tell the Marquise, that he should leave her house at two in the morning, and return no more.

Ever since the murder of Julian, the villain, tormented, not by remorse, but by a gloomy foreboding, had always carried about him a most subtle poison; he kept it in secret as a last resource against an ignominious death; for Montalban, like almost all great villains, destitute of every idea of the immortality of the soul, and consequently freed from the dread of another life, could not allay the terror inspired by human laws, but by the horrible determination of suicide.

At two in the morning he quitted the asylum which christian charity had

procured him. While he walked in the street, waiting for his valet; he observed, at that late hour, a shop where drugs were sold on a ground floor, and in which there was still a light. The shop was a part of the house of the Ursulines, and was kept open all night, that the sick might never be at a loss. Prompted by an infernal spirit he looked through the sash, and saw only an old man asleep. He thought to steal in unobserved, but the door, as it opened, rang a bell, and the old man awoke. Montalban asked him for several medicines, saying, that they were for the Marquise de Grenelle. The old man rose, and very slowly took down the boxes, weighed the drugs, prepared them, and put them up in packets. While he was thus busily occupied, Montalban cast an eye rapidly around him: he saw a vial containing a

draught, and read Clara's name on the label, on which he instantly managed to pour, unperceived, some of his poison into the phial, and then waiting quietly for the drugs he had spoken for, received them and left the shop.

A little before day he was joined by his servant, who brought his horse, which he mounted, and took his arms. Soon after, the troops came up, filling the street. Montalban, skulking in an alley, saw by the twilight the troops whose uniform he wore, and slipping in amongst them, left the town. Holding his head down, and keeping his hat over his eyes, he passed unnoticed in the multitude, and the more easily, that the sky was black, and covered with clouds.

The troops advanced, soon perceived the royalists, and came to action. Montalban fought like a man in despair.

Hatred and fury equally spurred him on. His atrocious and licentious disposition made all dependence and all authority irksome to him. He abhorred the very notion of divine majesty as the sovereign power, and consequently detested royalty. In the heat of the engagement the sky suddenly cleared, when Valmore, who was at the head of his regiment, perceived Montalban, and instantly knew him. He pushed immediately towards him: "Monster!" cried he, "you are about to receive the chastisement due to your crimes: and do not flatter yourself that you will fall gloriously; for to rebels the field of battle is not the field of honour." Saying this he endeavoured to make his way up to him, and at length was close to him. "Tremble!" said he, in a thundering voice, "tremble! Your

innocent victim, now to you the exterminating angel, guides my arm." He said no more, but fell upon him impetuously, wounded him, threw him to the ground, weltering in his blood, and springing upon him made him prisoner.

After the battle, Montalban was carried dying to Valmore's tent, where his wounds were dressed; and, as he had his recollection, the chaplain of Valmore's regiment desired to see him. Montalban consented, and the chaplain approaching his bed, told him that he came from Valmore to speak to him. "On the field of battle," said he, "Valmore was necessarily to you an exasperated soldier; but now that you are dangerously wounded, and a prisoner in his tent, you will find him only a christian. He has sent me to assure you, that you shall have every

medical aid ; and that he shall never think of delivering up a prisoner of his to the law. If your wounds are cured, he will set you at liberty, and give you a guard to convoy you safe beyond the camp."

Montalban, having listened to this speech, said that he wished to see Valmore immediately, and the chaplain went for him.

Valmore did not doubt that Montalban, struck with terror at the view of eternity, wished to make a public confession of his crime, and therefore went to him, accompanied by the principal officers of his regiment. As soon as Montalban saw him : " Valmore," said he, " I am going to make a useless confession : but it is a satisfaction to me.... I solemnly declare then, that I was the murderer of your son ; and that Clara, though perfectly innocent,

devoted herself to death and ignominy, rather than denounce me.....” After he had said this, he paused ; then casting an infernal look at Valmore: “What !” said he, “does not this confession make you tremble? Can you think, that dying, conquered by you, the truth can come from my mouth for any purpose but that of heightening my revenge? Know then Montalban..... This arm that plunged a dagger into the heart of your son, has, this morning, poured a deadly poison into Clara’s drink ; she no longer exists.”—At these words, Valmore, frantic, was mechanically darting forward upon the monster, but was held back by his friends. Montalban, at the same instant, tore the dressings from his wounds, and expired. Valmore was taken away.

The unhappy Valmore must have sunk under his feelings, had he not

been reminded, that it was possible the villain had failed in his diabolical attempt; and that if Clara had even swallowed the poison, it might have been counteracted by antidotes. An exchange of prisoners was immediately proposed; and, in a few hours, Valmore, from the abyss of despair, was raised to the summit of joy, on being informed in a letter from Rosenberg, that, thanks to the great vigilance of father Arsene, Clara had escaped being poisoned; that she had had a severe fever, but was now almost recovered from it. How did Valmore bless heaven, and the virtuous monk, who had once more preserved his Clara; now so much admired! so fondly loved!

When father Arsene saw Montalban at liberty, he dreaded the dark designs of that villain. Thinking directly of Clara, and recollecting that the drug-

shop, which stood open all night, was opposite the Marquise de Grenelle's, he told Clara that a secret and powerful motive prompted him to request her promise, to take no kind of medicine but from his hands. Whatever was prescribed for her he took care to see made up at another place, and brought to her himself. The vial into which Montalban had poured the poison, contained an old mixture, inadvertently left on the counter.

Father Arsene finding that a man had come into the shop between two and three o'clock in the morning, enquired what kind of a person he was, and knowing it to be Montalban by the description, went to the shop, saw the vial labelled, and guessed the mixture to be poisoned. A trial was made of it on a young dog, which died in three minutes after swallowing it. This cir-

cumstance was but another subject of joy to Clara : she was delighted to owe once more her life to her beloved father Arsene, and to enjoy the gratitude which he excited in Rosenberg and Valmore. The latter, who had already dispatched two messengers to Paris, to inform his sister of Clara's innocence, now sent another with Montalban's last declaration, which had been written down and signed by the officers of Valmore's regiment, who had been present. Amelia hastened to have all the proceedings against Clara annulled. This acknowledgment of her innocence was followed by admiration of her heroism ; and the enthusiasm inspired by her character was universal throughout France.

Meanwhile, every thing was now preparing for a decisive action between the royalists and the rebels. The English

fleet got ready for an engagement, which took place in the end of October. Louis XIII, on that day, proved himself worthy to be the son of Henry the Great ; he was constantly stationed on the battery of *Chef-de-Baye*, on which a hot fire was kept up by the enemy. In this battle the brave commander de Valençay immortalized his name. The English were completely repulsed ; they laboured in vain to destroy the dike finished by Pompey Targon : the French, who can, when it is requisite, add perseverance to intrepidity, triumphed over all their efforts. The fleet set sail and returned to England. Rochelle submitted to the king on the 28th of October : but his majesty did not make his entry till two days after *.

* From history.

Valmore, impatient to see Clara, flew to Rochelle on the very day of its reduction, and found her in perfect health. No attachment ever exceeded that of Valmore and Clara : and so pure and angelic a being was the object of that attachment, that language did not afford him a word to express his exalted love. What effusion but must have fallen short of her merit ? Unable to describe what he felt, but conscious that it was unnecessary, and that Clara's heart was in unison with his own, he yielded himself to the happiness of seeing her ; convinced that she would understand his expressive silence, better than any words he could use : with Rosenberg, and father Arsene, however, he spoke with all the ardent eloquence of gratitude, and exquisite sensibility. In these conversations their future plans were all fixed. It was

agreed that they should set out together for Germany, and there celebrate the marriage of Valmore and Clara. Valmore bound himself to carry his wife every year to Nièmen, to pass some months with her mother, as long as the elector lived ; and, on the other hand, Rosenberg promised, at the death of that prince, to come with Euphemia and settle in France.

Louis XIII. made his entry into Rochelle on the first of November ; and the catholic worship was solemnly re-established. The king, by his clemency and humanity, showed himself the father of the rebellious subjects whom he had subdued. All enthusiastically acknowledged the sacred rights of a sovereign who knew how to pardon. No blood was spilled upon the scaffold ; not a single act of rigour took place : punishment was confined to a

few confiscations, generally approved by all parties, and to the demolition of the fortifications *. Every heart flew to meet the young monarch, whose courage and goodness recalled the memory of a father, so dear to the French nation. The inhabitants of the country particularly were anxious to see the son of Henry the Great, and flocked in crowds to Rochelle. The king was highly pleased with their homage, and admitted to his presence a numerous deputation of the country people of the neighbourhood, among whom were a dozen young village girls dressed in white. One of them, presenting a bunch of field-flowers to the king, sang the following ballad, an in-

* From history.

promptu on the occasion by a poet of
Rochelle :

What raptures, what blessings doth this day
afford,

By clemency mark'd as her own !

Our hearts are united, and peace is restor'd,

And plenty our harvests shall crown.

No longer shall war its sad traces here leave,

Or hostilely tear up the sod ;

But flowers shall spring in abundance, to
weave

A wreath for their Guardian God.

When weary of court and its language you
grow,

When sicken'd with pomp and parade,

Your heart for a tribute of nature shall glow,

In truth, love, and union array'd,

Away from your throne and your palaces steal,

And come to these plains all alone ;

For what can compare to the pleasure you'll
feel

In love that is purely your own !

Your poets and orators all will unite,
Your virtues, your deeds to proclaim ;
And, far as their words can extend, will de-
light
To echo with glory your name :
Your feats they may tell of in fine lofty phrases,
In language taught sweetly to flow ;
But in Memory's fane there's nought like the
praises
A country so blest can bestow.

The chissel and pencil, in grand works of art,
On heights of magnificence tower ;
Yet 'tis but in viewing our cots that the heart
Is taught how to value your power :
The name of a monarch on marble impress'd
The torrent of time overwhelms ;
But endless the ages through which it is blest,
When carv'd on the bark of our elms.

The king remained some days at
Rochelle, and then returned to his ca-
pital.

Valmore, having obtained leave to

be absent for six months, prepared for his departure. Clara had not appeared in public since the happy revolution in her lot. When it was known, that she was to leave the town at ten o'clock in the morning, and a carriage and six horses appeared at the gate of the Ursulines, a crowd of people of all ranks and conditions, gathered in the street to see this heroine, this truly *Christian heroine!* the paragon of piety, generosity, and sensibility! Clara took an affectionate leave of the good Ursulines, and shed tears at parting with Honarina, who, faithful to her calling, resolved to remain at Rochelle, and there devote herself to God. With respect to father Arsene, it was absolutely necessary that he should go to Germany, for who but he could unite the hands of Valmore and Clara? A cou-

mier had therefore been dispatched to Paris, and had brought back the requisite permission from his superiors.

Clara, leaning upon the arm of the holy monk, and accompanied by Valmore and Rosenberg—the world were still ignorant that the latter was her father—the humble and timid Clara at length left the convent, and, to please her father, without her veil. She no sooner appeared in the street, than a thousand shouts and the loudest clapping demonstrated the enthusiasm she had inspired, and which was carried to its highest pitch by her presence, and the graces of her person, which appeared matchless to every beholder. Beauty in a young woman adds, no doubt, to the lustre of virtue; but virtue, in her turn, gives to beauty an exquisite, a celestial charm. Clara went into the carriage with father Arsene,

Rosenberg and Valmore. They were obliged to pass all through the town, and at a foot-pace owing to the multitude escorting Clara, and constantly increasing to the gates: the carriage was filled with nosegays and crowns of laurels and flowers, which were thrown from windows with a profusion of verses in her praise, written on scrolls of paper. The most brilliant successes of wit and genius find opponents; not so noble actions, which are admired by all classes of men, who are equally able to feel and to appreciate them. The loved name of Clara, shouted amidst universal plaudits, echoed through the whole town, and was repeated with rapture on the very roofs of the houses. Clara ever mild, ever modest, would have been glad to avoid these tumultuous testimonies of admiration and esteem; yet when she looked at her

father and Valmore, and saw the sparkling joy of the one, and the tender emotions of the other, she enjoyed her glory. She was, however, so much in the habit of receiving all her gratifications through the testimony of her conscience, that she reproached herself for this feeling, so natural to the human bosom, which seemed to discover to her a weakness she had never known before. Amidst this triumph she remembered, that two years and three months before, she had passed, at that very hour, through the streets of Paris in a mourning coach, followed by an enraged and curious populace, who were eager to see her only to insult her..... She reflected that at that time she appeared in the eyes of God, surrounded with real glory; and that, perhaps, at the present moment, he blamed in her a secret emotion of va-

nity. "The praise of men," said she, "is frivolous and dangerous; we should covet only the approbation of the supreme judge and sovereign disposer of immortal rewards."

In leaving the town, the happy party drove to Jerson's farm, where they dined. With what transports were they received! What a number of questions were to be answered! and how did those good people admire and bless that Providence which, after many trials, had made innocence and virtue triumph in so striking a manner! "Yes," said father Arsene, Heaven is as wonderful in its rewards, as terrible in its wrath: it was its will that she who had courage enough to sacrifice every thing to virtue, should be made happy at the moment she was again going to sacrifice herself. Clara, in taking off her veil to preserve the liberty of Valmore, believed her

own ruin would inevitably follow, and that generous action produced her justification." All felt the justice of this reflection. The Count confessed that had it not been for Montalban's violence and insolent defiance, he should never have acknowledged for his daughter a person so dishonoured.

Clara and Valmore bestowed every testimony of affectionate regard on the worthy family of Jerson, and Clara left them money to build a handsome little chapel on the top of *the Hill of Hope*. They at length left the farm and set out for Germany, travelling with the utmost expedition. Nothing could equal Clara's impatience, though she was not without anxiety, respecting the manner in which the elector would receive the Count's confession. It was known at the elector's court, that the young *Olympia* was that Clara, that interesting heroine

whose deplorable story had made so much noise in the world, and the discovery of whose innocence had excited as much interest in Germany as in France : but the name of her father remained still unknown. Rosenberg, by his last courier, had informed the elector that as he had found Clara at Rochelle, he had undertaken to bring her himself to the princess, to whom she longed to return ; so that Euphemia, whom nothing had been able to console for her absence, gloried in her triumph, and expected her with all the feelings of the liveliest tenderness, encreased by the justest admiration. The travellers at length arrived in the capital of the Elector's states, entering the town after dark, at seven in the evening, and with as little noise as possible. Rosenberg left Arsene and Valmore at the widow Marcella's, and immediately went to the palace with

Clara. He was ushered into the cabinet of the elector, whom he found alone, and who gave an exclamation of joy on seeing him again. Rosenberg, holding his daughter by the hand, advanced: "Sir," said he, "here is this angelic creature, immortalized by her courage and virtue; I restore her to you, and I come at the same time to bring you my forfeited head. . . ."—"Heavens!" cried the Elector, "what do you mean?"—"Yes, Sir," replied Rosenberg, "it was the fate of this angel to have a guilty father! She is my daughter; I have been privately married these twenty years"—"Married!" exclaimed the Elector, with extreme emotion, "and to whom?" To this question, the haughty Rosenberg made no reply but by falling at the feet of his master. Clara also fell on her knees. "Ungrateful man!" cried the Elector, putting his

hands over his eyes, which were filled with tears, "did I not offer her hand to you?" . . . "At that time," replied Rosenberg, "we had been long married, and to have accepted your goodness it would have been necessary to have afflicted you by a confession: I sacrificed ambition and glory to your tranquillity; but I cannot sacrifice this child, who is so worthy of you. Punish me, but receive her." "What!" said the elector, "my daughter deceive me for twenty years!" — "No, never," cried Rosenberg, interrupting him: "having seduced her into a clandestine marriage, I obliged her to be silent; and it has required all the power of love, and all the authority of a husband, to prevent her confessing her fault to you.....Nay, from an artifice I made use of, she is even ignorant that Clara is her daughter;

she believes still that the child she brought into the world, lived but a few hours. She has never ceased lamenting her error; she adores you; you may make her the happiest of mothers....” —“ Rise, Rosenberg,” said the Elector, “ you have served me well, and I owe my life to you: I am an old man, and will not, as I ought, banish you for some years: at my age one has no time to lose in punishing, one must make the most of it in pardoning: go for the princess. And do you, my child,” continued he, addressing Clara, “ come to the arms of your grandfather.” These words, which fixed the fate of Clara, transported Rosenberg. Having nothing more to wish, he flew to Euphemia, whom he led back in triumph, without answering her questions, saying only: “ expect an unspeakable surprise, a hap-

piness unparalleled" Euphemia entered her father's cabinet with great emotion: she saw Clara, who left the Elector's arms to throw herself into hers. They could neither of them speak for their tears After a short pause: "My daughter," said the Elector, "I do not now present you Clara as a poor orphan, but as an angel whose parents ought to be proud of having given her birth:—she is my grand-daughter, and Rosenberg is my son-in-law!"—"Great God!" cried the princess. "Yes, my mother," said Clara, "my adored mother, the happy Clara owes her life to you!" Euphemia attempted to press her daughter to her heart, but the blood forsook her face, she staggered, and fell into the arms of Rosenberg, who ran up to catch her.

Who could give an idea of the ecstasy experienced by Euphemia, when, on recovering she found herself in the arms of her father, her husband, and her daughter? Alas! it is impossible: it is easy to make grief speak; for the imagination is too well seconded by memory: but as for the complete joy of the heart I have no colours to paint them with!...

The rest of the evening was all enchantment. Clara remained at the palace with her mother. At midnight the princess left the Elector and returned to her own apartments with her husband and daughter, and sat up with them till three o'clock in the morning. Relieved from the weight of an oppressive remorse, Euphemia found herself as happy at her fault being no longer a secret, as Clara could be on the discovery of her innocence: she enjoyed, without alloy,

the inexpressible delight of thinking that she was the mother of Clara, and in reflecting that her adored child would in future be a sacred bond of mutual tenderness between her and Rosenberg; an idea which added to Clara's happiness.

The next day, the princess's marriage was formally declared by the Elector, who publicly acknowledged Clara for his grand-daughter. Valmore, presented by Rosenberg, was received with the distinction due to the intended husband of the young countess de Nièmen. The courtiers, confounded, were quite out of sorts at not having either foreseen or devined all these wonderful events; and several of them consoled themselves by giving an idea that they had been partly trusted. Clara was married without pomp, at Nièmen. Father Arsene

gave the nuptial blessing to this beloved child of his heart. He would not, however, suffer even his affection for her to detain him at court, notwithstanding all the offers made him by the Elector and Euphemia: he left Germany two days after Clara's marriage, and returned to his convent. Clara enjoyed uninterrupted happiness; for from her earliest years she had made so great a progress in the path of virtue that she could not possibly forsake it; nor would she hazard her happiness on the dangerous theatre of the great world. After enjoying, without intoxication, the fame acquired by illustrious actions, she could relish all the charms of the real glory of women; she honoured the authors of her life by her conduct and by her invariable principles, and she made them happy by her attentions. She possessed

completely her husband's tenderness and confidence, and she never committed a single fault, because, always guided by piety, and always humble, she knew no PRESUMPTION.

NOTE,
TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

PAGE 88. [a]

Cardinal de Richelieu used to say, that he had taken Rochelle in spite of three kings; the king of Spain, the king of England, and, particularly, the king of France. What made this true of Louis XIII, said the President Henault, were the fears instilled into his mind by the enemies of that minister, jealous of the glory he was about to acquire by giving a mortal blow to Calvinism.

THE END.

E R R A T A.

VOL.- I.

Page 6, line 3, *for* seen, *read* unseen.

VOL. II.

Page 181, line 6, *for* detached, *read* detailed.

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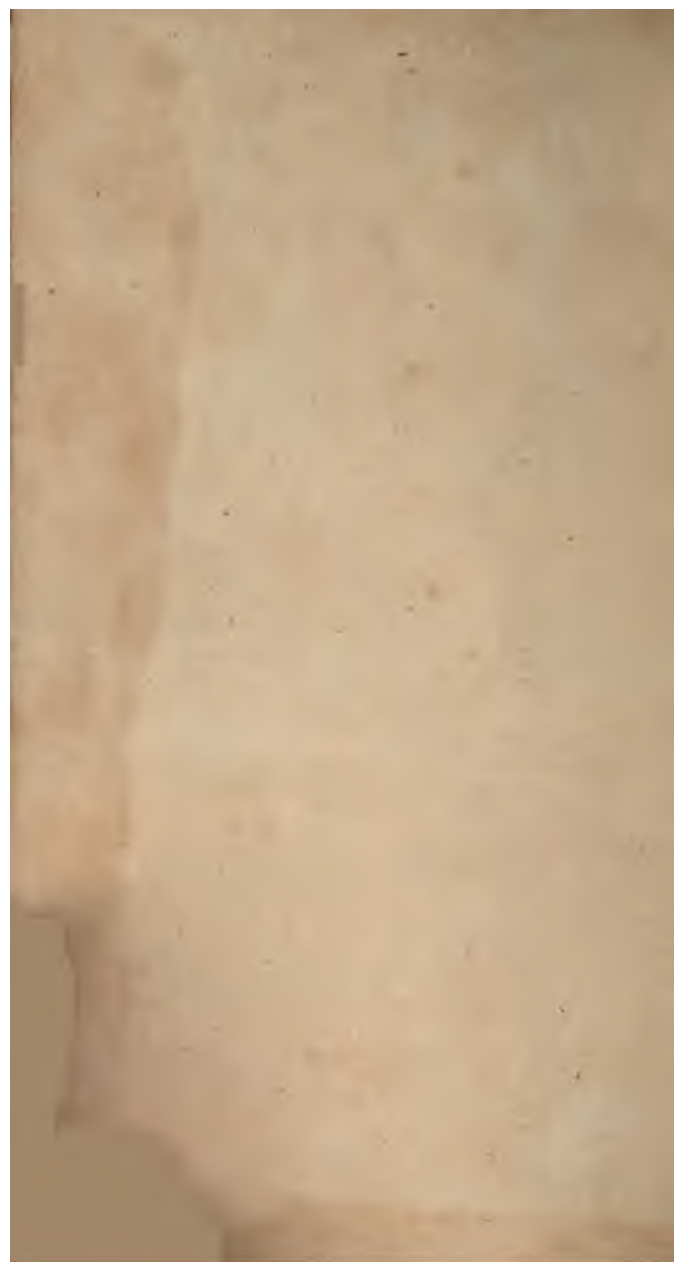
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